A MEMORIAL
to
Eldress Anna White,
and
Elder Daniel Offord.

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PRESENTED BY

Anna White

A MEMORIAL

TO

ELDRESS ANNA WHITE,

AND

ELDER DANIEL OFFORD.

By LEILA S. TAYLOR.

MOUNT LEBANON, N. Y.:

NORTH FAMILY OF SHAKERS.

1912.

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ELDRESS ANNA WHITE.

MEMORIAL OF
ELDRESS ANNA WHITE.

I

A CENTER of high thought and pure living, existing in America since 1774, is found in an organized community, whose basic principle is the life of purity and self-sacrifice, embodying and reflecting the Christ-life and the Christ Spirit. A member of this communistic order during sixty-two of her almost eighty years, amenable to its discipline, exemplifying its principles and embodying its spirit, ELDRESS ANNA WHITE, of Mount Lebanon, is a worthy exponent of that manifestation of Divine Motherhood known as Shakerism.

The White family brought from Old to New England many of its best elements, Elder John White, a parishioner of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, from Chelmsford, Essex County, landing with his family at Boston, September 16th, 1632. He settled on or near the site of Gore Hall, Harvard University, served as one of the seven first selectmen of Cambridge and four years later was with the one hundred, who journeyed afoot through the wilderness to the Connecticut River and founded the city of Hartford. At Hartford, Hadley, Northampton and Boston, Elder John White's judicial and religious ability and leadership were wrought into the structure and life of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

His sterling qualities were transmitted to his descendants, of whom four generations resided at Middletown, Connecticut. Calvin, youngest son of Deacon Moses White, born at Middletown in 1762, a graduate of Yale University, married Phebe Camp, daughter of Rachel and Capt. Nathaniel Camp, of Newark, New Jersey. A Presbyterian and then an Episcopalian clergyman, he finally embraced the Roman Catholic faith and, after the death of his wife, studied for but did not enter its priesthood. The book "John White and his Descendants," Hartford, 1860, says of him: "A devoted and accomplished scholar, he was one of the few who loved and thoroughly mastered the Hebrew tongue. In politics, he was a tory: and he never failed to refer to the war of the Revolution as 'the Rebellion.' He never voted in his life." He died at the age of ninety, in Derby, Connecticut, where he had formerly ministered for many years in the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Of the seven sons of Calvin and Phebe White, all successful business men, Chandler was the most widely known as a promoter of the Atlantic Cable, associated with Cyrus Field, President and Director of the company exploiting that enterprise; and a prominent member of the New York Chamber of Commerce.

Robert, the eldest, was born at Hanover, New Jersey, December 1st, 1792. Inheriting his father's independence in religious thought, he became known in early manhood as a "most estimable young Quaker." On the 9th of April, 1818, in Friends Meeting, at Liberty Street, New York, he was married to Hannah Gibbs, of a prominent Quaker family. Daughter of Abel and Elizabeth Gibbs, her Quaker antecedents date back to the time of William Penn. Born July 1st, 1795, Hannah Gibbs was brought up by an uncle, John Corlies, also a Quaker.

II

THE fifth child and youngest daughter of Robert and Hannah White was Anna, born January 21st, 1831. Their residence, a pretty, white cottage, stood in a large green field at the corner of Orange and Willow streets, Brooklyn. Anna nearly lost her birthright at the very beginning of her career, her father first discovering faint signs of life in the discarded infant and coming to her rescue. A feeble, wailing creature, she made more trouble than all the other children. Her mother took her to the seashore in New Jersey, where she made acquaintance with old Ocean and, in the arms of the big man who had her in charge, would laugh and crow with delight as the friendly waves dashed over her. The Atlantic became her nurse, entered into her very being and saved the little one for a long and active life. When Anna was two years old, Robert White retired from business and purchased a farm on the New Jersey coast.

In the country home at Shrewsbury, Anna and her brother John, four years younger, spent a happy childhood. John, a handsome, lovable lad, was quite unlike his strong-willed, restless sister, but the two children were devoted to each other. A frequent playmate was Eric Parmley; another, a spruce little chap, was cousin Dick, son of Richard Mansfield White. Better known as Richard Grant White, cousin Dick was often at the New Jersey farm. A donkey, Jack, neighbor Eric's pony, dogs, cats, calves, chickens, figure in the sports of this period, but Ocean was the great playfellow. Whenever a party of guests visited the beach, intent on bathing, they were astonished to see the two children, who loved to dart ahead, already bobbing up and down, far out in the surf. They attended school some distance from home, boarding through the week with a Quaker family where they received motherly care. "Every Friday night, Father

would come for us and Mother would have an extra good supper, generally of chicken, for us hungry children." No animals were killed on the farm, creatures destined for food being carried away. One day, walking with her mother in the city, Anna saw a wagon-load of young calves and began an inquiry as to their destination. Informed that they were to be converted into veal, a favorite viand, her grief was extreme and she expressed a determination, to which she adhered, never to taste veal again.

In the home was a dear old grandmother, Elizabeth Gibbs. It was a great delight to the mischievous children to get grandma to spell her name,—"E-l-i-izzard-a-b-e-t-h." Many happy hours were spent by her side and, at any childish mishap, "Now, child, what did thee do that for?" was her first query. In the Shaker home, when Anna White was approaching the years of this aged grandmother, if some impulsive spirit had fallen into difficulty, how often would she say, with a twinkle in the keen, blue eyes, "Now, child, what did thee do that for?"

The oldest living son, for the first child, Abel, had died in infancy, was Robert Cornell, commonly called by his middle name. Eight years her senior, generous and sympathetic, Brother Cornell was Anna's protector and, like her, was devoted to their mother. Born during their parents' temporary residence in Birmingham, England, he came midway between two sisters. An ideal elder sister to the group of high-spirited, affectionate children, Phebe was a second mother to Anna, helping the little girl over many a hard place. Rachel, good, sensible and kind, was very fond of her little sister, who warmly returned her affection. A frequent member of the family was Aunt Sarah, Robert's only sister, a sweet and noble woman, gratefully remembered.

As with most children, in homes where the Bible is revered and loved, underneath fun and frolic rose the tide of religious thought and feeling. Trained to obey

their parents, it is easy for children to obey God. Loving the law of kindness and self-sacrifice, manifested through the life of God-fearing parents, it is natural to recognize the love of the All Father. The blessing at table, the hour of family worship, were remembered with gratitude. The White Children attended Quaker meeting, sitting through the long, quiet service with what patience they might. The restless Anna was often comforted by the broad lap of her mother, which soothed her to slumber when the tired head grew too heavy. But very early, Anna took an active interest in proceedings, not always of the silent order. Lucretia Mott was sometimes present and, if moved to speak, the child listened fascinated. One First Day, Anna heard Lucretia Mott abruptly silenced by the guardians of Quaker orthodoxy. On the way home, she asked,—"Mother, why did they stop Lucretia Mott from speaking?" "Well, child, what she said was not in accordance with the ideas of the leaders in meeting."

"But why, Mother, I love to hear her the best of all?" "Well, child, thee will understand when thee is older."

It is doubtful if Anna White ever understood why a woman should be silenced in meeting, or why any honest truth-seeker should be forbidden to utter the thought that is in him. How much that scene may have influenced the after-life of the little girl cannot be known, but she ever had a deep reverence for Lucretia Mott and an enthusiasm for freedom of thought and speech.

A Methodist society worshipped in a small, plain meeting-house near by, and Sabbath evenings, Anna and John were fond of attending Methodist prayer meetings. The Millerite excitement of the early 40's ran high at Shrewsbury, many of the neighbors abandoning their property, that they might be prepared to meet their Lord. Robert White, in his calm, benevolent fashion, quietly bought up or gathered in cattle, horses and other movable effects of these excited people, and, when the fateful night

had passed and the bewildered religionists returned to their dismantled homes, to resume their wonted occupations, their Quaker neighbor was at hand, restoring without charge animals and implements they had thrown away. In after years, Anna often related the story of that night. She had listened to the arguments and exhortations of devoted Millerites in Methodist meetings, had heard the calm, sensible views of her Quaker parents and friends, but a child's superstitious fear was intensified by a deep, black cloud which overspread the heavens,—a portent full of dread. Her father was away, she sat with her mother on the veranda. "O Mother, does thee think the Millerites may be right, after all, and the end of the world is coming?"

"Nay, child," replied her mother, "it is only a thunderstorm. The end of the world is not at hand, thee need not fear." The tempest that followed was always referred to as the worst she ever experienced.

Among the neighbors was a Baker family, distantly related. In 1844, Phebe White married George C. Baker, and three years later Rachel married the brother, Joseph, while the same day, Cornell was married to their sister, Hannah D. Baker. From the marriage of Phebe came one of the strongest ties that bound Anna to her home. A little girl, named Hanna, was added to the circle, whom Anna loved and petted with adoring devotion.

A great trial of her girlhood was that she never had a new dress. Quaker thrift and the excellent materials of the time produced gowns of such quality that, when Phebe and Rachel were through with them, enough always remained to make a pretty frock for their little sister. One day in her sixteenth year, her mother said, "Anna, if thee will help me take care of the hens and chickens this summer, I will give thee half the profits and thee can have a new dress." Anna took hold of the poultry business and early and late looked after her big family of chickens with such faithful care that the biddies

were unusually prosperous, and, in good time, she had the pleasure of buying a handsome silk dress, a piece of which is still cherished in her Shaker home.

The district school had done its best for the White children and Anna was sent with Rachel to a Friends Boarding School at Poughkeepsie, known as the Mansion Square Seminary and presided over by Mr. William Gibbons. It was her first separation from home. A deathly homesickness took possession of her, she could not study, she could not eat nor sleep. All attempts at diversion, reasoning or sympathy failed. Rachel was at her wits' end, the child was crying herself sick. At last, she wrote home and Robert started for Poughkeepsie and appeared at Mansion Square. Summoned to meet her father, Anna felt sure of his sympathy and expected to be restored to her lost home. But, nay! "Daughter Anna" was treated to a course of paternal logic, was assured that she was expected to appreciate the advantages offered her and improve her opportunity for education to the best of her ability. The crying stopped and the homesick child became the eager student, her quick, inquiring mind awakening to the delights of study. Natural science, grammar, literature and history were her delight. Her textbook in astronomy, a thin volume with steel engravings, published in Boston in 1838, is a commentary on her neat and careful habits. Devoid of stain or wrinkle, covered with brown cambric carefully stitched on, it bears the inscription, "Anna White, 1846." In after-life, she loved to talk of this science and its wonderful revealings,—eager to learn of each new discovery, each wider outlook.

From school routine, custom set her free much earlier than would happen to-day. At an age when the modern girl is entering upon her preparation for college or university, Anna returned to her home in New York City and, in accordance with Quaker custom, was given her choice of a trade. A highly respectable employment for women was tailoring, and in her eighteenth year, under

the guidance of a skilled tailoress, Anna learned that trade. She enjoyed many social advantages. Their home was frequented by thinkers and philanthropists, its doors open to preachers and elders of the Quaker faith. Her quick sympathies were enlisted in relief of the distress found in the city and she was trained in systematic benevolence by her mother, the almoner appointed by the Quaker society to distribute relief to the poor of the church. Not only were the suffering of her own faith cared for by the benevolent Quakeress, but many abodes of poverty were relieved from her own stores. Anna accompanied her mother on these errands of mercy and thus became familiar with the sadder side of city life.

III

SHAKERISM early became a factor in the family life. After the break in the Quaker church in 1827, Robert, a Hicksite Quaker, followed his natural bent toward independent thinking. Among the people with whom he dealt in his business of hardware merchant, he met certain grave, serious men, wearing a distinctive dress and noted for their honesty. Robert and Hannah often visited the Shakers, attracted by their neatness, simplicity and integrity. When Anna was six months old, her parents stopped at Hancock, on their way by carriage to Quaker Quarterly Meeting at Hudson, New York. An aged Shakeress, known as Mother Lucy Miller, coming into the room, took the baby in her arms, exclaiming in a prophetic manner, "This child is an Israelite indeed!"

Robert became interested in the Shaker faith, whose peculiar tenets, expounded by clear-thinking leaders, appealed to him as sensible spiritual interpretations of reve-

lation. Finding therein the logical sequence to the Quaker faith accepted in earlier manhood, he became a Shaker, uniting with the society at Hancock, Massachusetts, and adopting the celibate life, the foundation stone of Shakerism. To Hannah White, this action of her husband was the subversion of every principle of right,—the betrayal of religious faith. While she honored his intellectual ability and trusted his integrity and purity of purpose, she felt that he had been misled and deceived. In accordance with Shaker usage, when his wife could not follow him, Robert did not separate from her further than to adhere to the essential principles of his faith. Hannah was, henceforth, his sister in Christ. This relation was almost as abhorrent to her as if he had divorced her altogether. The grief and opposition aroused was not allowed to cause an open rupture. Robert went to his Shaker home, often visited by Hannah or the children, then, returning, would spend an equal time with his family. He could not countenance marriage and the children were married away from home, while restraint in expressions of natural affection showed the effects of Shaker discipline.

He was generous with his Shaker relations, and, while careful to obey every requirement of the communistic home, added many a touch of comfort to its appointments and enlargement to its industrial outlook. He imported the locust, valuable for posts and timber, planting groves and lining highways with this beautiful tree. He did much to aid in publishing and distributing Shaker literature. At one time, he brought to Hancock three little girls whom he knew, orphan children, who, growing up in the faith, became heads of the three families, beloved and honored by all who know them.

Anna and John often visited at Hancock, playing in the old barns and sunny fields as happily as on their New Jersey farm. Anna gathered to the kind Shaker sisters, learned to love their sweet songs and to enjoy

the spiritual meetings, whose zeal and devotion awakened to new life her religious feelings. Reminiscences of aged Believers were listened to and, little by little, in the heart of the Quaker girl, arose a love for the Shaker sisterhood, a thoughtful weighing of two religious systems, hardly to be looked for in so young a girl, save by those who, underneath the winsomeness of Anna White, could read her capacity for self-denial and devotion to truth.

As Anna neared her eighteenth birthday, Robert realized that the opposition among his older children had begun to affect Anna's feelings. He addressed to her, in a long and touching letter, a statement of his faith, his generous plans of provision for his family and his desire that she might impartially observe the workings of his faith in the home of his adoption, opening his father's heart in a way that could but appeal to her sense of justice and strong filial affection. Its pages are too sacred for publication, but it contains these words, the key to a very marked characteristic of Anna White's after-life: "I covet for thee, my daughter, a glorious freedom from the shackles of other people's opinions, an independence of all save the approbation of thy own conscience; breaking the bands of pride and prejudice and acting as if responsible to thy Maker, conscious of His presence."

As opposition grew to actual persecution, Anna's deep, soulful eyes became wells of sympathy and determination in which Robert White read the truth that his youngest daughter alone of all his family stood with him. As her leaning toward her father's faith became known, every effort was exerted to win her back. Her great love for her mother, for Phebe and Rachel, for Cornell and John, for the little Hanna, now a sweet, precocious child of four years, were as so many bands of steel binding the affectionate girl to her home. A bachelor uncle on the mother's side, possessed of large wealth, had already

designated his favorite niece as his intended heir. Now, he proposed, if she would give up her Shaker schemes, to settle a large sum upon her at once, making her independent, the whole property to become hers upon his death. This offer, in her young enthusiasm, she cast beneath her feet.

The sterner side of Anna White's nature, hitherto unknown even to herself, her persistent obedience to conscience, the old Puritan and Quaker in her, enabled her to stand firm, to resist the entreaty, over-ride the opposition and govern her own deep feeling. Visits already paid to Hancock and New Lebanon were followed by another in her nineteenth year, when her father took her to four societies, that she might judge for herself. In 1848 and 1849, the battle seems to have raged within and without Anna's soul, growing more intense as the crisis drew near, when her decision should forever seal her destiny.

In the summer of 1849, Anna came to Mount Lebanon as a guest in the North Family, where Robert was a member. To the older sisters, she gathered at once in trustful simplicity, and to a young sister, about her own age, the gentle, affectionate Eliza Rayson, she became warmly attached. A large family, by the name of Greaves, had just come, seven brothers and one little sister, delicate and sweet, the idol of them all. Upon Anna White's arrival, Ann Maria Greaves was sent to entertain the visitor. The Elder Sister, coming to look after her charges, inquired what they had been talking about. To her amusement, they frankly avowed that they had been discussing the fashions in their respective homes. She afterward told them that, because of their honesty, she felt sure she could make Shakers of them both. The friendship thus begun lasted for sixty-two years, unbroken by separation or misunderstanding; the "twin sisters," as they called themselves, devoted to each other, until that December morning, when Anna, on a bridge of early sun-

beams, slipped away to the other country. This summer of 1849, the solemnity of the step before them did not weigh too heavily on their spirits for them to enjoy the mirth that filled their girl natures and innocent hearts. The beautiful mountain home and the attractive scenes occupied many hours, the three friends often forgetting the dignity of their years to romp together as if children still. Before this visit ended, Anna's choice was made. Her decision is thus expressed in a letter to her father.

"New Lebanon, 8 mo. 19th, 1849.

"TO MY KIND AND AFFECTIONATE FATHER:

"According to thy desire I will now endeavor as far as my pen is able to give thee an accurate account of my feelings during the few days past in which my soul has been bowed down even to the very dust and my spirits dipped as in the waters of affliction. I can now feel that thy prayers on my behalf have not been put up for naught, but that they have been answered, and in the sincerity of my heart I can say that I thank my God for giving me such a wise and good parent, who will lend a helping hand and encourage me to press forward towards the mark of my high calling, so that I may live day by day as I would wish to die, and the time has now come for me to renounce the world, to give up all the enjoyments that are in it and live a holy and pure life acceptable to God and to His holy Angels. And O, how fervently have I prayed to Him to give me power to overcome all evil propensities, so that I might devote all my might and strength in serving Him, now while young in life, for I feel as though this was the most acceptable time of offering, and by forsaking the world, what troubles, what afflictions shall I escape!

"And He has at last condescended to hearken to my supplications, and by asking of Him counsel and advice to point out and show me which was the right way where-

in I should walk, He has granted my request in the similitude of a dream. It was this day week between the hours of one and two o'clock in the morning, I was aroused from a sound sleep by a rumbling sound, as of distant thunder, the earth seemed to shake and tremble at its approach, all had fled terrified and horror-stricken at the awful appearance. It threatened to sweep all before it, yet still I stood alone and unprotected, trembling, yet dared not stir: but not long did this last, it gradually died away, and in the distance could be heard singing such as never was heard by mortal ear. O how sweet, how melodious it was, as though the whole company of angels had mingled together in one united band and were offering up their sweetest songs in praise and thanksgiving to their holy patron! How inviting was the song, and they appeared to be beckoning for me to come and join with them. Still all was invisible, save a light that broke forth instantaneously as the singing ceased. It was not the dazzling brightness of the sun, but a soft and gentle light diffusing itself around and about the place where I was, and seemed to encircle me on every side. Words cannot express the happy feeling that I experienced; when I awoke, a deep peace settled on my mind and things wore a cheerful aspect, nothing dark and gloomy was left, all had fled, leaving me in peace and quietness. I distinctly saw the way which had been so clearly manifested unto me to be opened, and I am determined to walk in it, and nothing can hinder or turn me aside. The world is a blank to me, I can leave all without a regret. I can never return to it! Nay, never! and although thou didst provide for me a good home and I was blest with kind relations and friends, yet nothing can induce me, for what are they compared to my gospel relations? For these I feel a pure, heavenly, divine love, such as I never experienced before, and I hope that feeling may ever exist in time and in eternity. I have had a fair opportunity of judging for myself the

principles and manners of this 'singular people' and no one has ever influenced me in the least, it is my own free choice and I hope it is a wise one. I can bear all the reproaches that will be cast upon me for they will be but few, and would to God they were more! The burden will be thrown I know on thee more than any one else. And in conclusion I will say, 'Thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God.' In bonds of pure love and affection, I remain as ever thy attached daughter, ANNA WHITE."

Robert promptly replied:

"2nd day morning, 8th mo. 20, 1849.

"DAUGHTER KIND AND GREATLY BELOVED:

"I am glad to own the delight and comfort that thy communication of yesterday has ministered to my spirit. Thankfulness and joy abound yet not without sympathy in thy trials. But lift up thy heart to God and thy head in hope. He that hath called thee will sustain thee in every proving dispensation. Remember that a sense of dependence leads to seek protection, and that even Jesus was so stripped as to cry out to God, 'Why hast thou forsaken me?' A feeling of hunger and want is begotten that we may enjoy the fullness of the bread and waters of life. Trials and temptations are permitted that we may exercise our faith and increase therein. In looking forward be not anxious, but cultivate faith and confidence, that according to the requirements of each day, so will strength be administered. Seek not to avoid conflicts, but rather for strength to meet and overcome in them. It still feels to me that I should be willing for thee to look to returning with Hannah and Phebe, with the understanding that thy feelings have become attached to thy father's people and the intention of examining further into the truths of their profession and a willingness to hear and consider every objection that can be brought.

That in the strength of Truth thee will be no coward, but as a simple seeker and follower of it, thou wilt not be turned out of its paths. I would have thee remember the words of Isaiah, 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Not that thee should lag behind; but evidence a considerate, thoughtful, prayerful course, Gideon-like, turn the fleece again and again. I have confidence in thy discretion and leave thee with my love and blessing. Thy ever affectionate father, Robert White, Jr."

Anna complied with her father's request, returning with her mother and sister. Hannah remarked to the Elder Sisters,—"If Anna has made up her mind, thee might as well try to move East Mountain as to move her!" The next month brought a letter, breathing the love and care of spiritual guides, closing with the words, "And now, little one, we feel to commend you to the care and keeping of Him who is ever ready to hear the cries of the needy and keepeth a constant watch over the tender lambs of His fold." A letter written after her return from a visit at Watervliet, reveals the workings of her mind.

"New York, 10th mo. 10th, 1849.

"To ARABELLA CLARK:

"Dear Friend—After I reached home last week thy letter was handed to me by Mother, and after reading it I feel best satisfied to comply with thy request to write to thee, for I desire to feel thankful for every expression of friendly interest in my welfare. I will now inform thee that the resolution which I have taken (hasty and inconsiderate as it may appear to thee and others) has by me been a subject of calm deliberation, and one which has occupied my mind for some length of time, sufficiently so to satisfy myself as to the course

which I intend pursuing. I know it is an all-important step, but it is one that I have seriously reflected on; and it is from a sense of my responsibility to God as my Creator and my duty to myself and parents that I have made this choice, and come what may, I am determined not to act contrary to my conscientious views of right. Time is swiftly passing along and how necessary is it for every individual to yield strict obedience to the best light that is given them, and is it not right that every one should have a privilege, who have arrived at the years of understanding and are capable of judging for themselves, to make a free and independent use of their reason as regards matters of religion? Many may think that I have been deluded and led away by this singular people who are 'everywhere spoken against.' Well, so be it! Let the world say what it may, I am determined, unmindful of earthly friends or foes, to persevere in the work, that I am called to labor in. All the essential testimonies of early friends I hold to, and will strive to emulate their noble example of patient suffering reproach and derision for the truth's sake.

"During the summer I had an excellent opportunity of knowing and judging for myself whether these really were the people they profess to be, and I have found it to be true, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' So that judging them by their fruits, I am compelled to acknowledge that if God has a people on the face of the earth these are they, and I long to be gathered to them; but think not that I do it without much tribulation of spirit. As to my Mother, I never before knew that I loved her so much, and my brothers and sisters never seemed more near and dear to me, so thee is mistaken if thee thinks that my love for them has diminished, but it is the reverse. I am sensible of my obligations and duty to my Mother and am sure there is no abatement of my affections for her. With respect to my Father, I would not have thee suppose that he has used any influence to

bring me to his views, and my confidence in him is not impaired by thy remarks upon him.

"If thee wishes to be informed of the principles of the Society, thee will find by candidly reading the books I send thee that the Scriptures of Truth are held by it to the fullest extent of thy recommendations, and after reading these books I will be glad to see thy objections as being contrary to the teachings of Christ and the Apostles.

"Affectionately thy friend,

"ANNA WHITE."

To the copy of this letter is added in pencil, in her handwriting of later years, "Never received an answer."

Of the final parting, it is doubtful if any recital was ever heard, save by her Elders in the Order of the gospel to which she was called. Cornell was bitter and unkind to his sister in her choice of a religious life, regarding her purpose fanatical, her choice a needless cruelty to their mother and her persistence a reprehensible obstinacy. Two only aside from her father had a good word to say for her. Her brother-in-law, the genial George Baker, gave his sympathy to the persecuted girl, urging his wife and the rest of the family to let her go in peace. The other was her grandfather, Rev. Calvin White, who gave her his blessing and approved her choice, bidding her Godspeed.

Robert accompanied Anna to her Shaker home and, returning, had to meet the accumulated feelings of the family. He writes to Anna that he loves to think of her living in her attic room with her pleasant companions, Rhoda and Phebe. These were two sisters, older than herself, and the attic chamber with sloping sides and a high-studded end facing the north, occupied a space now lost in two large rooms. In one letter, he says: "I have taken thy plaid silk dress and put it in my valise. I looked for thy bonnet, but could not find it." A letter

from grandfather Calvin contains this sentiment: "I am glad Anna has composed her mind on a subject which has given Hannah some anxiety, and I do not know why Anna should not have a right to make a choice of life as well as her sisters."

The date of her entry into the North Family, the Novitiate Order of the Shaker Church, is thus recorded by herself:

"Anna White, Born 1st mo'th, 21st, 1831. United with Believers Tenth mo'th, 16th, 1849." Long years after, she gave expression to the fact that she was a little disappointed at the time that she had not been assigned to Hancock, where her feelings were first gathered.

IV

AT the head of the North Family, stood Elder Richard Bushnell and Brother Frederick W. Evans, Eldress Sarah Smith and Sister Mary Antoinette Doolittle. The next year, Eldress Sarah was released from her position, returning to her former home in the Church Family, and Eldress Antoinette was appointed to the first place with Sister Harriet Bullard as her associate.

Anna found a close union to her Elders and entered eagerly into the family life, assisting in kitchen, bake-room, dining-room, laundry and ironing-room, washing dishes, weaving, spinning, sewing, even milking the cows, at that time the regular task for sisters, night and morning. There were but few books, and those of Shaker publication, the "Millennial Church" and the "Second Appearing of Christ," being the most important; no papers, rarely, a newspaper article read aloud by the Elder Brother. Little time was there for reading. Knitting was at hand when the day's task of spinning, weaving

AS A YOUNG GIRL.

or palmleaf work was completed. In place of her father's sumptuous home, Anna now shared with from two to six others a large, plain, white-washed room, pictureless, carpetless and without ornament, sleeping two and sometimes three together.

Tasks were brightened by pleasant conversation, helpful tales of earlier days and by singing,—the sweet songs of Zion, unlike any other earthly music. Anna loved those songs, and, as she pared apples or potatoes in the kitchen, learned to sing them, until the gift of song descended upon herself. It was a time of inspirational gifts. Songs, received by scores and hundreds, were written down with the melody beneath in the original Shaker musical notation. Then, there were the meetings, full of strong testimony and alive with spiritual gifts. Besides Sabbath services, there were meetings for singing, reading, testimony or exercise, while a weekly union meeting cultivated the social element. It was not a day when members did what seemed right in their own eyes, or proclaimed their opinions to all within the sound of their voice. There was a Lead in Zion. The law of the Lord went forth and the standard of the Gospel was to be followed. The Order of Ministry and Elders were the anointed leaders. Obedience was the keynote of the Shaker life, the straight and narrow path to regeneration and redemption.

That Anna was contented and happy in her new life is shown by her letters. To her father, she writes: "I feel a continual increase of love the longer I remain with this happy people, and I am thankful, yea, I am sensible that it is good for me to be here, and that I have been called to renounce the world and the pleasures therein while young in life. Words are inadequate to express my thankfulness for the blessed privilege that I now enjoy in worshipping God unitedly with those who serve Him, and I have been thinking whether it would not be better for me now that I have united myself to

Believers, to resign my membership with Friends, and thereby save them the unpleasant business of dismissing me, which they must necessarily do according to discipline. I do not wish to be a defaulter and I feel best satisfied to send in my resignation. I have written a document which I think will answer, and will thee be so kind as to give it to Sister Rachel so that she may hand it in to the monthly meeting, if she is willing to do so? It has been an act of my own and I have consulted with no one upon the subject. Please give my love to Mother, brothers and sisters and other inquiring friends. With much love I bid thee adieu. Affectionately thy daughter, Anna White."

The accompanying letter of resignation was not answered for six years, the requested dismissal being sent in 1855.

"To the Monthly Meeting of New York.

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"Having after due consideration united with another Religious Society than the one wherein I have a birthright, I think it most proper to send you my resignation, as I wish to give you no unnecessary trouble on my account. I take this opportunity to express my thankfulness for the privilege and protection that have been extended to me while a member with you, and assure you that I retain the same regard for every important testimony that Friends profess that ever I did.

"I remain in love your friend,

"ANNA WHITE."

To her mother, she writes,—"Be assured, my Mother, though hard and trying it may now seem to thee, the time will come, either here or in another state of existence, that thee will rejoice and be thankful that I am united to those who die daily unto sin, and live a pure and holy life. I say this for thy comfort." These words

were speedily fulfilled, for, within a year, her mother blessed her choice and said, "Thee gives me more comfort than all my other children."

At the Head of the Ministry was the venerable Ruth Landon, successor of Mother Lucy Wright, who had seen and remembered Mother Ann Lee. One day she called upon the North Family Elders and Anna was summoned for introduction and inspection. Eldress Ruth, tall, commanding, with piercing black eyes, looked the young convert through and through, as if reading her very soul, and uttered these encouraging words, "Well, Anna, if you are faithful, I can promise you all the tribulation you are able to endure. But you will always have strength given you to bear it!" Eldress Anna used to say, "I have proved her words true." Her father writes: "Prize thy privileges my dear daughter, to make thyself worthy of them by improvement. Every temporal and spiritual good is within thy reach if thou wilt but labor for them." Anna found great difficulty in learning the Shaker dance. At last, a sister said, "Anna, don't you know how to skip?" "Skip, why, of course I do!" "Well, that is all there is to it." She had skipped through all her happy outdoor life, and now the quick-step was turned to the service of God in the exercise which Father Joseph Meacham had seen angel hosts practicing. Anna had not been with the family long, when she herself had a quick-song and according to custom came to her Eldress, singing and dancing the simple words. Eldress Antoinette heard her through and remarked with her motherly smile, "Well, Anna, I think the Quakerism is pretty well shaken out of you."

It had been agreed that Anna should pay her mother an annual visit, and this she did, accompanied by an older sister, for several years. When she made her first visit, a farewell letter was given her, with verses expressive of the sympathy and encouragement of her young companions, in what was felt to be a time of testing.

To this letter, which was signed "Emily S———," she replied:

"New Lebanon, June 11th, 1850.

"DEAR SISTER:

"I received your very kind letter the day before I left home, and I cannot express to you how good it seemed to me. I felt that I needed the strength of my young sisters and when I read your letter it gave me fresh courage, and I felt that I could fearlessly press through every obstacle that might appear in my path. Your love was indeed a strength and comfort to me as was also the love which you gathered from those who have travelled many years in the work of redemption. And while with my connections in the bustle and jar of the wicked world, I could feel the holy flowings of pure gospel love in my soul, which nourished and supported it when temptations surrounded me on every hand. And I feel thankful for that power which was given me to resist the influences of those who would gladly have called me back to dwell with them in the haunts of the wicked. When I think of the sacrifice that I have made, it is but small, very small, compared to the reward I have already received; for here have I found in the gospel that which satisfies my soul, and which I know if I am faithful will prove an abiding treasure when the transient things of time are at an end. And I feel determined to unite with you and labor to prize my privilege more highly, to bear the cross more faithfully and to live day by day as though it were the last, and in doing this I know that I shall receive a blessing. And in conclusion I will send my thanks and best love for every gospel grace which you have bestowed upon me. I will treasure them up and labor for an increase, that I may be more worthy to receive them."

She cherished through the years a letter from Eldress

Antoinette, dated December 1st, 1850. "You will doubtless, my young sister," she writes, "as you travel along in the gospel path, meet with many things that will try your faith; but it is a good thing for us all to remember, that a Faith untried is uncertain. The way of redemption is necessarily the way of the cross, and it is requisite that we all pass through the furnace of affliction and be tried, even as gold is tried, to prove us, whether we will honor and serve God in adversity as well as in prosperity, and give up *all* to follow him, even to *our life*. We may forsake father, mother, brother and sister, riches, honor and fame, easier than our *life*. * * * * It is what we all would choose, to have our own ways, fix and exécute our own plans, think our own thoughts, speak and act as we please, without dictation. But the gospel calls all its subjects to pursue an entirely different course; to receive the kingdom as little children, all to subject our wills and move in strict conformity to the Head, as members of one living body. And I would say to you, my young friend and sister, never flinch in the hour of trial; be firm, be constant in your duty, ever listen to the kind and gentle monitions of conscience, to the still, small voice which says, 'This is the way, walk ye in it!' and you will be guided safely through all dangers. * * * * You justly remark that the faith which you have received in the gospel is a gift of God to you. I hope you will ever regard, love and cherish it as such. I can unite with you in thankfulness for the gift. Also for the good use you have thus far made of it. And I hope you will fearlessly declare it, at home or abroad, to friend or foe. May you be a cheerful and fruitful Zion traveller!" The work of Eldress Antoinette in developing the character and capabilities of Anna White was not the least of her many noble achievements.

Anna did not receive sympathetic treatment from every one, nor was she able to read consistency in every life

about her. When balked by some startling discrepancies between faith and practice, she went to her Elders, asking, "What shall I think?" "Think?" ejaculated Eldress Antoinette, "Why put it down to poor human nature,—and do better yourself!" Jealousy was not unknown and one woman, in particular, who afterward left the order, made every effort to harass the young beginner. But Anna bore it calmly and was fond of testing herself, to see how much she could stand.

Her father writes,—"The time will come when innocency and integrity, if but with one talent, will weigh down all the accumulations of this world's riches, the attainments of science, literature, art and popularity. In that hour, how happy will it be for those who have chosen the simple, childlike graces of humility and truth. May our portion be with these!"

Shaker testimony was strong in regard to relationship and the necessity of making a complete separation from the natural to find a union in the spiritual. Anna united with all such testimony and, her native energy now turned in full force upon the conquest of her lower nature, the overcoming of wilful, wayward tendencies, and the development of the spiritual being, she sometimes went beyond what the ideals of self-sacrifice inculcated by her Shaker teachers would demand. One day, she threw into the kitchen fire two daguerreotypes of her father and mother. These sun-pictures, invented about ten years before, were rare and expensive. In her severity against her natural yearnings, she burned them and said, "The crackle of them in the flames was sweet to me!" Some one told the Elders and they called her and asked for an explanation. "Why, Anna," they said, "you need not have burned them. We would have kept them for you." "O, I did not wish to trouble you with them!" was her reply. The endurance of whatever sacrifice presented itself as useful or necessary was ever a silent one.

One day, she was appointed with several others to clean the meeting-room. In a row across the wide room, each scrubbed a certain width of board, and thus in kneeling procession saw the white floor pass immaculate from their hands. Anna, tired of the uncomfortable posture, finally uttered a wearied sigh of complaint. An older sister at her side, said, sternly, "Anna, anything is better than the flesh!" Abashed, Anna accepted the reproof and determined never again to utter complaint of hardships endured under the gospel gift of freedom from the bondage of the world. She certainly kept her vow. Few of the hard and disagreeable tasks which fell to the sisterhood in that day of hand labor, which could in any way be compassed by her, but she accomplished, often going beyond requirements in the thoroughness of her work. Though delicate, she had well-developed muscles and rejoiced in her strength of limb and hand. It was a pleasant jest, in years when muscular exertion was no longer expected of her, if some one found a weight heavy, to exclaim, "Why, I can carry that with one finger!" and seizing basket or bundle, off she would trot, with quick step and laughing glance.

January 8th, 1854, is the date of an appreciative letter to her mother. She writes: "I have now lying beside me thy welcome letter and I feel to express in words of gratitude and thankfulness the friendly and interested feeling manifested in thy various communications to me. I can bring to remembrance the many trying positions that thee has been placed in, in bygone days, and when reflecting with what undaunted courage and perseverance thee has been able to brave the storms that threatened the destruction of thy little bark, and to ride with Christian fortitude over the swelling waves of affliction, I can see that the beneficent hand of an All-Wise Creator has been and still is extended to support the feeble knees and raise the drooping spirits. As thy older children

were separated from thee and made their choice in life, they went with a Mother's blessing. I was left. Good and evil were set before me, and many were the temptations and allurements which beset me in that critical period of my life. I panted after pleasure, I sought for enjoyment, but found them not. Here, however, was laid open to my view substantial pleasures and pure enjoyments, a heavenly, spiritual relation not only to be enjoyed in time, but through the endless ages of eternity. And feeling desirous to be numbered with those who can say in truth, 'Lo, we have forsaken all to follow thee,' and giving heed to the still, small voice that whispered in my ear, 'This is the way, walk thou in it,' I saw that it would give that peace and comfort to my soul that the world I knew could not give nor take away. Thy feelings at that time were rather prejudiced against Believers, and with unceasing efforts strove to save (as thee then thought) thy erring child from impending danger. Though the struggle at first was severe and trying, yet from that time to the present I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to thee for the noble manner thee has exhibited and an example of patience worth following. I am very thankful that thy health is improving though age is fast approaching, yet thee may still live many years. Both brethren and sisters very often inquire after thee, those who know of my writing desire to be remembered to thee. Give my kind love to Father and say to him I have received his letter. Thee wanted to know if we continued to like the sewing-machine. We do like it very much, I should hardly know what to do without it. Charlotte and Elizaette both send their particular love, to which I will add the love of thy affectionate daughter, Anna."

During the last few years of Robert White's life, he remained more with his family, coming less frequently to Lebanon, partly on account of business necessities and the care of the estate. The softening influence of the years

and the presence of his prattling grandchildren wrought a change, thus described by his eldest daughter. "Father shows an increased paternal interest for all of us in every way, age calls it forth so kindly, that we in our hearts joy in the change that has been wrought in him, and would fain forget much of the past in the bright sunshine of the present. Grandchildren climb his knee so fearlessly and he joins so in their merriment that I often question if it can indeed be true,"—forgetting, apparently, that a change had also been wrought in her own feelings and manner toward him. A little letter from eight-year-old Hanna says,—"I hope thee will come to see us this summer at Woodside." This was the name of the large estate near Deal, New Jersey, the summer home of the White children and their families. Now the property of her brother John, the adopted son of their uncle John Corlies, whose name he bore, Woodside would have belonged to Anna, had she not been disinherited because of her adherence to her Shaker faith.

In January, 1856, at Woodside, where the family was then residing, after a few days of slight indisposition, Robert White, while at breakfast, suddenly became unconscious and, after forty-eight hours of insensibility, passed quietly away, at the age of sixty-four. It was a severe winter, mails were delayed, telegraph interrupted, and John sent a letter to Anna by the hand of a trusty messenger. Her journal reads:

"Sabbath, Jan. 13th. Cold, icy winds with drifting snows have been our constant attendants since last Christmas. To-day, the elements seem to be engaged in a severe contest, snow, hail, rain and wind all striving to obtain the victory.

"Monday, 14th. A letter from Sister Rachel informing of Father's indisposition, it is thought to be only a slight cold. Elder Richard also received one from him saying that he was quite feeble. Snow continues.

"Wed., 16th. The announcement of the sudden departure of a loved parent to the spirit land reached mine ears this morning at an early hour, 3 o'clock. Preston La Fetra arrived with the news about 12, bringing a letter from Brother John urging me to come immediately. What feelings ensued cannot be described and can never be forgotten. Eldress Antoinette was to accompany me, which was some releasement, knowing she would feel as no other could feel, and sympathize as a mother in the trying scenes before me. Left our home at half-past 5 o'clock with Preston. A long ride of fourteen or fifteen miles through snow drifts almost impassable, with a cold wind blowing from the north-west, we reached Chatham about 10. Arrived in New York at 4 P. M. and went to Brother Cornell's, but found the family had gone to New Jersey, only the servants and youngest child being at home. After an early supper retired to rest but not to sleep, for thought could not be controlled.

"Thurs., 17th. Gladly did I hail the first gleam of morning, if only for the change! Last night it was so long, hour after hour passed away—all so dark before me—though oft when fervidly engaged in solemn prayer, a ray of light as if some bright-winged angel hovered near, whispering comfort to my aching heart throbbing within me. And then a thought would cheer me that the prayers of righteous souls were being sent toward the throne of mercy and love for me, poor child of earth, imparting strength and blessing. And I was blest, for with a tender Mother by my side ever bestowing love and holy power, I had no cause to fear and could bid defiance to the grim powers of darkness, for all these will never be able to shake my holy faith or overthrow the rock on which my feet are firmly established. We reached Port Monmouth about 5 P. M. Eighteen miles were yet to be travelled before reaching Deal, and it was a continual jolt, jolt, jolt, the roads were miserable in the extreme. Found the family

all convened in the little sitting-room, twenty-three, including ourselves. It was 9 o'clock. We were cordially welcomed and after a light supper retired. I now felt some releasement, knowing the feelings of the family, and I was soon wrapped in slumber and from slumber into a long, deep sleep.

"Friday, 18th. Very cold morning, at 11 o'clock the funeral began. Sat in silence an hour and a quarter. Eldress Antoinette preferred remaining at home, which we did. Between forty and fifty sleighs followed the remains to the last resting-place. In trying scenes how doubly precious is the love of kindred souls! and I am more and more thankful for all that I have gained by this pure love, made more so through suffering; and how contemptible are earthly riches in comparison with the durable riches of the gospel gained by the cross of Christ and self-denial; all things else sink into insignificance—therefore, I will glory in naught else.

"Jan. 21st. At half-past 3 were on the move. Breakfasted with Joseph (Baker) who accompanied us up. Phebe, Rachel and John arose and saw us comfortably seated in the sleigh, took leave of Mother, who bore up under her feelings remarkably well. It was about 5 when we left Woodside, 1.20 found us in New York. This evening we feasted on love and union, and sweet it was, for we felt poor and needy. Quite unexpectedly, a number of brethren from various quarters, hearing we were in the city and our whereabouts, called to see us, which was refreshing to our spirits. To feel the ministration of love and strength, peace and gospel union, when weary in spirit and drooping in heart, was more to me than all the vain pleasures and enjoyments that this world could afford, and I know that I realized it as a blessing. Twenty-five years this very day since first I breathed the breath of life.

"Jan. 23rd. Charles met us at the depot with a double

team and extra cloaks, which were very acceptable. This was the worst part of our journey, roads unbroken and snow-drifts to excite our timidity, tipping the sleigh first one way and then the other. However, we were bound home and the thought inspired us. It was reached at last and with thankful hearts. I never was more wearied, and so completely used up: it seemed as if every prop for my support was taken away and I was left to myself,—all appeared like a wild dream and with a bewildered brain I retired to rest. Elizaette slept with me in the little garret, as I felt unlike seeing many of the good folks that night.

"Jan. 24th. Rested and picked up my journey things. Took an inventory of Father's books, clothing, etc., to send to Mother soon. Still confused in mind. I cannot think that I am no more to see my Father—even now, I imagine that I hear his step or see his form—peace to his spirit! Much do I owe to him for his exemplary life and the example he set me—respectful to all, doing good and aiding the poor and needy of this world!"

More than a half century later, a thinker and philanthropist wrote of Robert White,—"It was he who so impressed our sainted Theodore Parker of most blessed memory with the reality of the Motherhood of God. May his memory be blessed for thus exerting such an influence upon the grandest prophet of the century just passed!"

Anna had been appointed to care for women visitors and inquirers, entertained at the second dwelling, which also held the nurses' apartments. The sister in charge, she was expected to sleep in the room with guests, in whose admission little care seems to have been exercised. Once, she found an insane woman with murderous tendencies under her charge, and watched and controlled her through the long night alone. Again, another, not much better, whose rum-bottle she discovered after the house had been closed for the night. The bottle she took away and the woman she governed by her strong mental con-

trol. Frequently, there were groups of children, and often one, two, or three babies to be cared for. The year 1856 was marked by the coming of many people, including children. March was cold and stormy. Visitors came and went. After the departure of one group, "Cleaned up the visitors' room for the next gathering. 20th. My thoughts have been in the future, looking forward to the increase of truth, to the spread of the gospel, and of the great necessity of being faithful in the work of salvation, so that in after years, I can look back with perfect satisfaction upon my gospel travel."

Christmas brought changes in the Ministry. She writes: "I love and bless every gift in Zion, love those who have through suffering and tribulation kept the gospel for me. I will walk in their footsteps."

"1857, Dec. 1st. Death has visited us. Our much loved sister Eunice (Cantrell) has left us to dwell in the land of spirits. Never shall we behold her pleasant visage, or be partakers of the good she imparted from temporal labors. All shared in them alike. It is very near eight years that she has worked in the dairy. We shall miss her much, because we loved her,—ready and willing to perform any little act of kindness to a brother or sister that lay in her power. May she hover around us, a guardian angel, aiding and bestowing power to the needy from her bright home in heaven! Farewell, dear sister in love, may I so live that thee may greet and welcome me when I have finished my work on earth!

"Dec. 3rd. The funeral services were held. The new burial ground has been for the first time broken open. A windy, blustering day, and we felt it much on the mountain, sang one song and returned from the solemn scene, praying that we may be reconciled to the heavy blow. Sister Eunice is in her forty-seventh year.

"Dec. 20th. A day of fasting and prayer. We improve in the yearly sacrifice. A beautiful day and I rejoice in the

work of salvation. May this continually be the breathing of my soul, that saving power may be mine, that truth and honesty may be my guide, and that repentance may reach the inmost recesses of the heart, washing and cleansing from all sin, even the very stains of sin,—O good angels, help me!"

Before Christmas, she records the going of Asenath Clark, released the year before from the Ministry. "A beloved Mother in Israel, a tried and faithful soldier of the Cross, has finished her work on earth, and, like a sheaf of corn fully ripe, is gathered to her own beautiful mansion with redeemed and purified souls, there to dwell forever. Many are the encouraging words she has given me, and I am thankful that I have seen and been owned and blessed by her as one of Mother's first-born. Peace to thy spirit, so meek and full of hope!"

Anna's love of the mountains about her Shaker home was second only to her love of the sea. What it meant to her to give up the blue, beckoning waves, none but herself ever knew. Her keen delight on the few rare occasions when she visited the ocean is well remembered. But she delighted in the mountains. In long summer days she and her companions roamed over them, gathering the berries which everywhere grew abundantly, garnering harvests of beauty, health and inspiration. In June, the hills were rosy with wild strawberries, and for years the sisters supplied the family table with their sweet, spicy flavor. The land was blue with violets, and, as long as she was able, each springtime found her in some haunt of these flowers. Nutting in autumn was sometimes enjoyed, the sisters having many a happy day under the care of the brothers, as they and the boys shook down the brown beauties of the autumn woods. From brooks, spicy with mint, beautiful ravines, flashing in foam from the waterfalls, their cool, deep woods bright with flowers and sweet with bird-songs, from sunny, open pastures and rich, wide

meadows, flowed, year by year, into her receptive nature the tide of pure, glad inspiration—the sense of the beauty, the love, the goodness of God.

"1858, May 30th. Beautiful is the unfolding of Nature! Lovely is creation adorned with rich blessings descending from an All-Wise Parent! In sweet harmony let me join in praises and thanksgiving, for all created things appear to swell in gratitude to their Maker. Then let me not be stupid or void of feeling, but unite in simplicity with the little birds of the field and sing songs of praise, and with the frisking lambs, innocent in their merry sports, dancing joyously; with the trees of the wood, with every flower and shrub bursting in gratitude and gladness into new life! This is what I want, *new life,* like the spring."

In October, Elder Richard Bushnell was removed temporarily to the Ministry. The event calls forth these reflections: "Through the varied scenes of time, perhaps tribulation more frequently visits the abodes of Zion and distills in the hearts of her inhabitants that sorrow, that godly sorrow, that melteth the contrite and boweth low the soul who is given up in simple obedience to the requirements of the gospel, than any other one thing. Still, there is comfort in sorrow, in weeping and sighing, yea, more pleasure and enjoyment to be derived therefrom (if the soul works with God) than any transitory pleasure, however enticing or captivating to the carnal mind. The followers of the Lamb can and do rejoice in it, for to such He draweth near with healing in his wings, with a staff of support and strength, with a Spirit full of Truth and Power, with a heart overflowing with love and mercy. Our Heavenly Father and Mother careth for the tender lambs of the fold. Therefore, there is no cause for fear, no need of unreconciliation. Elder Richard wanted us to look cheerful, cheerful. With such examples of self-sacrifice as these, I can but bless the gift, believe it is of God, and can bow in reconciliation to His will, as made known

through the holy Anointed. Elder Richard has ever been a Father to me, and the precious words he has uttered, so fraught with love, will be treasured up with care as precious pearls. Many a lesson of wisdom have I learned by his goodly instructions and I have striven to lay them up in an honest heart.

"1859, March 20th. The brethren have commenced operations on the barn, are now very busy sawing, sat up every night this week. No visitors at present. A good time for serious meditation."

The big stone barn, then the largest in the United States, built of loose stones gathered from fields close by, was completed and occupied for the first time on March 4th, 1860.

"Sabbath, April 24th, 1859, is marked by an event that has never happened before. At the Presbyterian Meeting-house in the Valley, an invitation was given to Elder Frederick to attend service. The invitation was accepted and over thirty from the Shaker Village attended."

"August 8th. We have a great privilege in meeting with our dear gospel friends from Canterbury, Brother David Parker, Eldress Sister Dorothy Durgin and Sister Mary Whitchor. We have a lovely visit from them this evening, or rather, a religious meeting, singing, speaking, etc. There has been a work of God at Canterbury—of humility and repentance, and of these they administered, particularly Eldress Sister. She is one, I think, that is wholly devoted, body, soul and spirit, to the gospel. If I can be clad with a garment of purity, of meekness and love, for what more can I ask? Nothing, for these combined form the gospel."

At the close of a wearisome, heated month of service in the dining-room, she records: "August 29th. Ended the kitchen turn. Sept. 3rd. Sabbath. Went down to the sick-room and gave myself up to the nurses. Chills and fever are prevalent." Five days later, she opens her journal to record the death by accident of a worker on the big

barn. "A staging gave way, one was killed and two others seriously injured."

This was her last entry. Long weeks followed of delirium and fever. Sanitation was not understood, fifty years ago, and fevers, now practically unknown in Shaker homes, were frequent. Much had been brought to bear upon the devoted young sister, during her ten years of Shaker life, severe trials from without as well as the difficult experiences of a young disciple within the order. Perhaps a chief cause of the trouble was the poisoned atmosphere often breathed in the sleeping-room shared with women visitors. Congestion of the brain accompanied the fever, and a prolonged and violent hemorrhage threatened to end her life. A skillful physician, resident in the Society, took charge of the case, and to his devoted care was largely due the successful termination of the illness. The beautiful autumn weeks, so glorious in her mountain home, Anna lay nigh unto death, and after the fever had subsided, weak as an infant, in the tender care of the nurses. Her family were sent for, her mother, sisters and brother John visited her, thinking never to see their loved one again on earth. Their sorrow, deep and sincere, was equalled by the grief that wrung the hearts of her spiritual kindred, whose love had been gained by her sweet humility, her loving, self-sacrificing spirit. But, God was good, and she was restored. When, after many weeks, she stood upon her feet, she found herself utterly unable to walk, and had to learn to walk, like a little child.

On Christmas Day she resumed her journal.

"O blessed day, in which I live, the blessed cross to bear,
None other blessing do I ask, all are supplied with care.
Father and Mother have I found, I dwell with them each day;
They are my comfort and delight, they're my support and stay.

They feed me when I'm hungry, they clothe me when I'm poor,
Lo, at this fountain I will drink, yea, drink and thirst no more."

"Assemble at 10 o'clock with our Canaan friends for meeting. Beautiful testimonies are delivered. Many spoke their faith and many ministering angels were present, bestowing beautiful gifts which were improved. With thankful heart I can say that I am able to exercise and enjoy the worship of God in a small measure. Had it not been for kind and sympathizing friends, my dear gospel relation, I should not have sustained life. For some unknown purpose I am permitted and privileged to remain awhile longer, thankful that I can bear the cross and be traveling farther and farther away from a carnal nature, into the purity of the gospel. May I ever prove worthy of the love and affection, the sympathy and interest, that have been and still are extended to me, from kind fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. The great debt of gratitude to them I owe, and can only be paid by faithful obedience in being truly honest and simply good. This I can do and will, all shall know, see and feel where my treasure lies and where it is hid.

"January 1st. 1860 has fairly commenced. A happy, happy New Year, I would wish all, happy in being good and doing good. I will with the year set out anew and find a permanent increase. Had a song this morning, 'I hear a Voice.' The gift of songs is a beautiful gift, which I desire to prize greatly and be more thankful for the measure I have."

Anna White's gift of song was truly a beautiful one. Songs and hymns, throbbing with spiritual life and love, redolent of the sweet airs of the heavens in which her spirit dwelt, are found here and there in the printed volumes, in books of manuscript melodies and in the memories of the few who remain of her early associates. Never

regarding herself as a singer, her rich, sweet voice, full of the power of the Spirit, added beauty and strength to the united tones of family and society, while her memory was alive with song.

VI

HER appointment to the Elders' Order, in 1865, upon the transfer of Eldress Harriet Bullard to Watervliet, was a most unwelcome surprise. To her remonstrance, Eldress Antoinette replied, "Well, Anna, you can obey me, can't you? You are pretty good at obeying."

The sisters tell of her that after the interview, she retreated to the kitchen, retired behind the stove, and sat down on a bench against the wall, with face hidden in her hands and elbows on her knees. "What is the matter, Anna?" was asked. No answer. At last, some one drew out the tearful reply, "You are all so much older and wiser than I am!" They lovingly assured her that she had their union and blessing in the call. As associate Eldress, she had especial care of the girls, and, with her great love for young people, she was very gifted in the gathering of young sisters, the development of their characters and the nurture of their spiritual life.

In a letter to the Ministry, after nineteen years' experience, she says:—"Theories are good in their place and knowledge of divine things is necessary, but I would rather be void of this knowledge, unless I can put into practice the benefits derived therefrom. It was this beautiful practical religion of Believers that attracted me to them. And from that time to this, I have grown stronger in the faith of practical works. I see the result of it upon individuals who are working out their salvation. They are the salt of the earth—Saviors—their bearing in every

way denotes the purity of their lives and their countenances reflect the image of our Heavenly Father and Mother. Such I would become, to have my Father's and Mother's name written upon my forehead—stamped upon my character."

A cherished bundle of home letters tells of changes that left but two of the circle surrounding her youth. Phebe's loving letters grow fewer, consumption had seized upon her. John, whose health had begun to fail, spent a year in Europe, hoping for recovery. A graduate of Harvard, he had been a student under Professor Agassiz, to whom he was warmly attached. The last letter from her mother, dated in October, 1871, was written from Rachel's home in Orange, New Jersey, inviting Anna to visit them. In July, 1872, Rachel writes of the sudden death, by hemorrhage of the lungs, of their brother John, who was taken at the home of Cornell, while alone, with only the servants. The next September, their mother passes away, and, in the following February, their sister Phebe was released from suffering.

While these events were transpiring among her natural kindred, Shaker homes were astir with life and energy. Sister Anna writes in March, 1871, "Spiritual elements are ripe and rife for the truth. Progress among mankind really wonderful, endorsing the leading principles that constitute Believers' testimony. Good angels speed the work, good angels in the body!" Sister Anna was an active participant in a missionary movement, started at Mount Lebanon, in which other societies united, holding conventions at central points, sometimes in connection with Spiritualists and Free-thinkers. In the summer of 1871, Elder Evans, in company with his friend and admirer, Dr. James M. Peebles, went on a missionary tour to England. A trip was made to New York. "Here we meet Elder Frederick. After breakfasting, we turned our whole attention to him, saw some to his clothes, and then

went with him over to Jersey City to visit the great steamer *Atlantic*. We crowd into the little stateroom and James requests a song, 'God is infinitely able.' Something gives way inside and there is a breakdown. We put to again and succeed tolerably well. Sing 'A few more Shadows,' and 'Pure Love,' then the adieu. Burdens of home gather about us with the shadows. We pray as we never prayed before."

"Our Eastern Journey," by M. P. and A. W. is a lively story, full of appreciation and enjoyment.

"Thursday A.M., July 10th, 1873. All creation seemed lit with beauty on this lovely morning, and joy burst forth from bird and insect. The waving grain, the grand old woods and fragrant flowers seemed no less joyous, they speak one language, harmony and love. But how is it with us? I rather think there was a blending of joy and sorrow. We felt rather sad at leaving home, and the little burdens that we could have borne were left for others to shoulder. However, it was not our own gift, and I think we united with it pretty well upon the whole."

The sisters met the Maine Ministry at Hancock and journeyed home with them. At Boston, they met the Harvard Ministry, who accompanied them as far as Portland. "We put up at the Marlborough House. Walk on Boston Common and admire the Old Elm, sing Shaker songs in the parlor. After breakfast, were conveyed by a coach to the Portland boat, the *New York,* the largest boat I was ever on. A misty morning and a rough passage, all the sisters in the party sick, except myself.

"Entering the village of Alfred in the opposite direction from what I had expected, my points of compass were hopelessly reversed and remained so during our stay. The sun would appear first in the west in the morning and vanish from sight behind the eastern hills at night.

"July 14th. Elder John Vance took us out riding around the pond back of the house,—a beautiful sheet of water.

This is the roughest country I ever saw. Rock, rock, on every side, fields of granite stone, yielding nothing else. The scenery is enchanting, almost as beautiful as my own dear mountain home. The next day, go to Old Orchard, a long, dusty, but not disagreeable ride of twenty miles. Stop at Saco for an hour, improve the time by taking a good nap. As we drew near the beach, we felt the change in the atmosphere. O how exhilarating! How inviting to the feeble frame! Three angel faces greeted us with a welcome ere we alighted. The dear Ministry had taken the cars and arrived before us. These are the angels—the blessed beings who make earth a Paradise. Pine Cottage is the name of our stopping-place. But the first thing is the bathing! Elder John comes to the door with a glass of cordial. We drink, we run, we skip and jump in our girlish glee, and forget all cares and troubles while buried in the sea. The beach, extending for miles, is as smooth as a pebble and as hard as a stone floor. Nothing can exceed the bathing. The waves do not run quite as high as at Long Branch, but they are sufficiently high for us little folks. Elder John takes us a long way out, and, as we float on the white-crested billows, protected by his strong arm, we think of the ocean of life that we are breasting and of the All-Mighty Arm that will bear us up and give us strength, according to our day.

"Friday, 18th. A cold north-east storm has reached us. Eldress Hester has the fire-board taken down and we have a fine crackling fire to warm us under the July sun which does not shine. The mist rising from the ocean is so dense that we can scarcely see the white caps from the piazza. There can always be joy and happiness emanating from the heart, if that is in right tune, and sunshine will gleam therefrom, lighting up life's pilgrimage with a light outshining the splendor of the noonday sun. Eldress Hester has enough goodness to save a world, and my dear little sister Margaret is rich in spiritual graces, bright and pleas-

ant, though under physical infirmities. Agreeable to our faith, we put our hands to work, a thing we haven't done before, since we left home. We search the woodhouse and find a rough board that Eldress Hester covered with a shawl and I set to work cutting out caps for the Ministry, while Eldress Hester and M. P. work on pin cushions for sale. No bathing for us to-day."

They visit Gloucester, where they were joined by Brother Daniel Offord. Again a visit is paid to Old Orchard and acquaintance made with the Indians encamped there. A trip is made to Portland and she closes her story,—"A sail on Portland Harbor! Nothing could exceed the scenery that lay before and around us. Well, we get through, have our last meeting in the little room, the last song is sung through tears, the last fond words and the mournful farewell. Elder Otis accompanies us to Portland and sees us safe on the magnificent steamboat. Arrived in Boston, rested at the Marlborough House, had a comfortable ride to Pittsfield, were met at the train by Elder Frederick. A welcome song was sung while we were at dinner, another next morning at breakfast. Thanks unbounded to all!"

"I shall never forget," wrote Eldress Mary Ann Gillespie, shortly after, "our beautiful pleasure time in the grove and the welcome feeling that prevailed. The very atmosphere seemed filled with purity and love."

The year ends in bereavement. In October, Elder Richard Bushnell, who had returned home a few months before passed peacefully away, at the age of eighty-two. His beautiful fatherly presence and his loving ministrations were greatly missed in the circle he had blessed for so many years. In December, two sisters, tenderly attached and both greatly beloved, passed on very suddenly, within a fortnight of each other—Margaret Pattison, Sister Anna's companion on the pleasant journey to Maine, and Rhoda Offord, caretaker of the girls and young sisters, a beautiful and gifted sister of thirty-four. Sister Anna,

strongly attached to both, felt that this last useful and beautiful life could not be spared and, with all the magnetic and spiritual force she possessed, strove to save her. To such an extent was her vitality poured into the sinking life of her younger sister, that, when the one passed away, it could hardly be told whether the other remained or had passed on in company.

To Eldress Antoinette, while visiting at Canterbury, she writes: "The young sisters are working diligently and determinately, to keep their watch and spy out the enemy in the distance, ere a closer combat ensue. My heart wells up in love for them. I yearn for their spiritual growth, and at the same time my own weakness and inability creeps upon me. O how much I need to watch and pray, to labor for the gift and power of God—need a greater portion of your beautiful gift and ministration to souls. Spent last evening in labors with the children and by earnest working succeeded in reaching their understanding and touching their little hearts, so that a good work was effected. Monday night, I dreamed of flying, not with wings but by will force, all the powers of my being were brought into active operation, and to relax these in any degree was of course descension, which created pain and felt like heavy weights upon my feet. When I worked, then I was helped, and the more I worked, the more easy was my flight. Where I went, I cannot say, but caught a glimpse of you as I ascended, and heard beautiful music, which awoke me. I think there is a moral to this dream.

"In my flight from Egypt, there was hard work to be done, and, when I worked, all heaven seemed to help me. But, if stopping to rest or to sleep upon enchanted ground, querying with the enemy, halting as to which path to travel, then came the pain, like weights of lead upon my spirit, and extra work has to be done, not only by myself but others. Thus it is with my spiritual travel, the more

consecration to God, devotedness to truth and obedience to faith, producing practical works, the more easy becomes the yoke and the lighter grows the burden. And here, I would renew my covenant with you and all my gospel relation, to come down to the practical work of the gospel, be what I seem to be and seem to be what I really am. I believe this to be the only way that I can ascend and dwell in the angelic spheres."

To another, she writes:

"I love you with a love that will never die and that never grows old, a love that is gained through similar efforts to those made by you, by sacrifices and devotedness of body and soul to the one cause. How beautiful this oneness of spirit, to be living the same life, baptized with the same baptism, sympathizing with one another in like trials and temptations, that at times beset the Zion traveler, and rejoicing in like manner when a victory is accomplished." A reference to the Deaconess sisters, "cumbered with much serving," calls forth this whimsical but suggestive exegesis:

"I have thought when reading the story of Martha and Mary, that Jesus did not and could not (being a man) comprehend the position that poor Martha might have been in. Why, she might have been washing or ironing, or preparing a meal, cooking or baking; maybe, the water was all boiling, or the irons all hot, and it may have been an extravagant use of wood to put off the work. It might have been the time for the bread or pies to have gone in the oven, or the potatoes to have been put on or taken off, and, O dear! perhaps the sauce was burning! Jesus and his brethren would no doubt have felt very badly (for I do not think they were so very unlike the brethren of our day) if the meal had not been in season, or the food good. If this was the case, certainly Martha needed Mary's assistance very much. Martha was the first to receive Jesus into her home, and she felt the burden of

caring (and Jesus gave her the credit of being careful) and looking after everything in the house, seeing that things were put in order, and if such a guest as Jesus tarried over night, she would, of course, if she was like the sisters of our own day, feel uncommonly particular that the room he slept in should be tidy. She would make the beds, clean, sweep, rub, dust and garnish it throughout, and this would take a deal of time, and I do not wonder that she asked for Mary's help. To be sure, Mary was receiving the word that was good for the soul, but, if she had taken hold and helped Martha, then Martha would have had the same privilege and both been benefitted alike. If Jesus then had had a counterpart in the person of an Elder Sister, probably this would have been the case. So we, the daughters of the Resurrection, have great reason to be thankful that we are blest with an ANN CHRIST as well as a JESUS CHRIST."

During the years 1873-1875, the North Family Elders published a dual paper, entitled "Shaker and Shakeress." Elder Frederick was editor of the first part and Eldress Antoinette of the second. The magazine was of a high order and was very successful, a channel of gospel union and fellowship and a means of imparting Shaker ideas to the world at large. Sister Anna, as assistant to Eldress Antoinette, found the work a great benefit, becoming an expert proof-reader and developing rapidly in literary taste and critical ability.

Her personal experiences in the great fire at Mount Lebanon, on the "eventful day of February 6th, 1875," are thus recorded:

"It was Saturday morning, cold and bleak, thermometer standing 9 below zero, wind surly and hoarse with blustering force, clouds above and ice below. Gathered into our warm and comfortable shops, engaged in various occupations, more than one felt to offer thanks to our good Father and Mother for a shelter from the inclemency

of the season. Toward the noonday hour, after the half-hour bell had rung and before the fifteen minute whistle sounded, the bell again was heard. Its continued ringing and the shrill shriek of the whistle, long and loud, awoke us to the terrible reality of the existence of a fire.

"It was soon ascertained to be the sisters' shop at the Church, and, as we glided over the ice-paved ground, we could see clouds of smoke roll up and ere we entered the dooryard one sheet of flame met our gaze. Attention was then turned to the dwelling-house and the Ministry's shop. Wet carpets were suspended from windows and pails of water dashed against the house. I was the first sister over and went direct to the kitchen, to see if more water could be procured. There, threw off cloak and went up stairs to be of more assistance. My cloak and the articles in the pockets were burned. Up stairs, I met Eliza Sharp, who said with much emphasis, 'This house ain't going to burn down!' repeating the remark a second time. I said, I hoped not. Met a sister coming down with an armful of bedclothes. Took them from her and carried them to the meeting-house. Here, found the Ministry's shop in danger. They had commenced to move out. Our family sisters were the only ones to help them, all the rest were busy securing things from the dwelling-house. Every movable thing was saved from the shop, except the stoves.

"The dwelling-house was struck first. It might well be compared to the igniting of a match. The sisters' shop, with all that it contained, seventy-five cords of sawed and split wood in it and seventy-five cords piled in front of it, made a tremendous heat, so that when the dwelling did ignite, it went off like a flash, and, as the flames burst out of the windows, one could but think of red, fiery-tongued demons venting their horrid rage upon some inoffensive thing, in haste to devour all in their course. None tarried long to look at the dreadful sight—a glance told the whole story. The wind continued with unabated fury and the

Infirmary was in danger. From there, we carried things to the Office, and, while so doing, the old barn, east of the schoolhouse, caught fire, the brethren barely saving the cattle which were in it. From the Infirmary, I went up to the schoolhouse and from there across to the Dairy, went in and got a little warm by Sally Dean's stove. I was almost perished with cold; she kindly lent me a pair of mittens. Then to aged sisters' shop, which was almost cleared. Stayed there and finished. The wind had shifted towards the south and had already communicated the fire to the gas house and the ice house. The brethren's brick shop, still standing, was so hot that the walls hissed when a wet finger was applied. Seven barrels of kerosene were got out of the woodhouse, though the barrels were hot when removed. The Ministry's things were mostly carried over to the North Family, through Eldress Antoinette's instrumentality, with a quantity of sisters' clothing. Henry Tilden with his men from New Lebanon saved the Meeting-house. The outside was very much defaced. The Infirmary caught fire once, the door very much charred, windows and blinds ruined. Water froze the moment it touched anything except where the heat of the fire was felt. In the buildings that did not burn, floors and stairs were covered with ice a quarter of an inch in thickness. Eldress Harriet Goodwin was in her room, hunting for the Covenant, Brother Frederic Sizer with her. When this became known, Brother Timothy Rayson and John Greaves, at the risk of their own lives, rushed for ladders. They succeeded in getting one. Timothy burned his hand badly and John his coat, but Eldress Harriet reached terra firma safely, as did Brother Frederic. After that, Elder Daniel Crossman went up and succeeded in procuring the desired article. When he came down, his frock was burned almost off his back. In less than three hours, eight buildings were laid in ashes. The Pittsfield fire company came over the mountain, bad as it was, in fifty-five minutes."

VII.

ELDRESS HARRIET BULLARD was recalled from Watervliet, in 1881, to fill a vacancy in the Ministry, as associate with Eldress Ann Taylor. Thus, Sister Anna had again the beloved Eldress Harriet, who had helped establish her on the rock of truth in the fierce storms of her youthful experience. The relation between them was always beautiful, their mutual love and confidence increasing with years and deepening spiritual experiences.

Eldress Antoinette, whose physical powers were failing, gradually withdrew from active participation in the family life. Sister Anna came and went on the duties incident to her office, returning to their living-room at night to meet the loving greeting and endearing smile of her beloved Mother, but, even to her hopeful eyes, it became apparent that the parting must soon come. On Christmas Day, 1886, Eldress Antoinette attended the morning service with the family, and administered the gospel testimony. On the last night of the year, in the early hours of the evening, she passed peacefully away. Sister Anna, who had planned to watch with her, had yielded to her last request to retire, that implicit obedience which had marked her thirty-seven years of dutiful affection, but soon returned, eager for the glad look and welcoming smile, only to be met with a very blunt announcement that her beloved Mother had left her. The shock was fearful and the agitation of her grief-stricken heart was great.

The services in memory of this old resident and native of the neighboring village, the well-known Eldress, whose presence and eloquent addresses were so familiar on eastern platforms, could be attended by few outside of the Shaker village, on account of the inclement weather and the condition of the highways, blocked by snow and ice. At this service, Anna White was announced by the Min-

istry to be the successor of Eldress Antoinette, Eldress of the North Family. With her ever keen sense of unfitness for positions of responsibility, Eldress Anna felt the burden of her position rest upon her with almost crushing weight. "I cannot be Eldress Antoinette," was her cry of humility, when sisters came to her with their trials, until silenced by the assurance that they did not want her to be Eldress Antoinette, but Eldress Anna, and, for twentyfour years more, she filled the place of Mother, Guide, Counselor and Friend.

Eldress Antoinette had found the brethren in full charge of all business and financial matters, and, with her sense of equality, in accordance with Shaker faith, she believed that the hard-working sisters should have their own interest and the care of their own earnings. She obtained the consent of the Ministry, and, starting with nothing, without a dollar of capital, beyond the utensils employed in their industries and their consecrated labor, the sisters, under her economical use of funds and prudent investments, acquired a competence, the fruit of their united labor and economy, besides paying their just share of the expenses of the home. This financial burden, the management of the sisters' income, was one item from which Eldress Anna shrank with dread, regarding herself unfitted by nature and lack of experience to deal with the business end of her profession. Seeking advice from her bankers, moving cautiously, the sisters' interests prospered under her care, as did their spiritual welfare. "I am among you as one that serveth," was her motto. "Never will I cry the burden of the Lord," she would often exclaim. Whatever the call, however crossing the demand, duty and service were her watchwords, and never did she flinch at difficulty or hardship. If a wall of error lay athwart her path, she went at it with the hammer of truth, and it went down before her. With faith and courage, she faced every crisis. The house might be emptied of defiled and

unworthy members, but the life should be kept pure and the mission and meaning of the home be maintained. Yet, none was ever more careful to preserve, more watchful to detect, by every power of insight and spiritual intuition, the hidden gems of character. No broken reed of purpose nor smoking flax of desire for purity and goodness was destroyed through her prejudice, blindness and rash dealing. Hand in hand with the angels of love, hope and revelation, she walked daily, in all her dealings with her people. She ministered at the altar, and she was a nurse and a bearing mother to hundreds who arose to call her blesséd and to recognize in her their saviour in the visible form.

Another deep sorrow came to Eldress Anna in this trying year. Her beloved sister in the faith, Eldress Mary Ann Gillespie, of the Maine Ministry, with whom she had passed many happy hours, and with whom so rich and enjoyable a correspondence had been maintained, passed suddenly away. It was said of her, and was equally true of her younger sister in the faith, "Her heart was full of love for all humanity."

Before Eldress Anna had become accustomed to the responsibilities of her position, and long before she had ceased to feel out for the strong arm on which she had been wont to lean, she was summoned to the Ministry's dwelling and the subject broached, by Eldress Ann Taylor, of the proper person to accompany her associate on a long journey and laborious mission among the societies in Ohio and Kentucky. The presence, ministration and executive action of the Central Ministry were needed and Elder Giles B. Avery and Eldress Harriet Bullard were to go. "I cannot send Eldress Harriet alone on such a long journey," said Eldress Ann, "and I have decided to send Anna with her." "Anna Dodgson?" was the innocent reply, 'I think she will be just the one." "Nay," replied the Eldress, "not her, but Anna White." It was a very un-

welcome call. Eldress Anna felt that she could not leave her family and, moreover, she was a poor traveler, fond of her home, and very unwilling at all times to go abroad. However, after listening to Eldress Ann's reasons, her habit of obedience came to her aid and she reluctantly consented. There is a picture of Eldress Anna, taken before this western visit, which, while an excellent likeness, shows the sterner side of her nature, her energy and self-control, but the sweetness and tenderness, which come to the surface in every other picture of her, are missing. She said of it, "I felt cross and out of sorts, for I did not want to go!" An interesting journal was kept, giving a picture of the ups and downs of the journey, the beautiful and romantic scenery, the mountains climbed, the rivers crossed, the country, "God-forsaken," as she expresses it, in some parts of Kentucky, not yet cleared of the ruin and devastation left by the Civil War.

In the Shaker homes, they found a loving welcome, kind friends, many true gospel saints and Believers who loved and practiced their faith. They also found in many parts a condition which, to their inner vision, held the seeds of dissolution and destruction. Eldress Anna's spirit of testimony was enkindled and she gave it forth in her fearless manner. The young people gathered to her as at home, and she spared no pains to teach and enlighten, and in every possible way to establish them upon the rock of true Shaker faith and principle. She taught the children Shaker songs and so inspired the younger sisters with a desire for this beautiful gift, that before she left them the gift descended upon one of them and a song was given. But the long journeys in the increasing heat of the southern spring were too much for her slender store of strength, already so severely drained by her struggle with bereavement and new responsibilities. Prolonged spells of unconsciousness

grew more frequent, alarming her friends and traveling companions. News of her condition reaching the Home Ministry, the company was recalled and, after three months' absence and work among the western societies, they started homeward.

Eldress Anna had been at home but a short time, when Elder Frederick, again accompanied by Dr. Peebles, went abroad for a second missionary tour of England and Scotland. In July, with four others, she accompanied him to New York to see him off. The thronging streets of the great city impress her thus: "A releasement of thirty-eight years from confinement within brick walls and stone pavements, out into the green pastures and beside the still waters, made my heart leap for joy at at the recollection of so happy an escape. It has been prophesied that New York City would be swallowed up by water, and, as immigration and crime increase, is there not danger? We would readily admit that a spiritual wave or earthquake might engulf it to advantage."

To Eldress Hester Ann Adams, of the Maine Ministry, Eldress Anna wrote: "Sometimes, in the silent hours of the night, the friends unseen to mortal vision draw the nearest. It was so last night. I dreamed of beloved Elder Otis and dear Eldress Mary, not so very distinctly, but sufficiently to gather of their spirit. Elder Otis was encompassed in waves of light; not the light of the sun, nor of the moon, nor of candles, neither of gas nor electricity, for the splendor outshone all of these put together; and in this light, he seemed to live and move and have his being, and he was exhorting, in the most entreating manner, that others should be immersed in the same ocean of light and love. He would extend his arms and embrace one after another as they went to him, descending and again ascending, as the waves came and receded. I noticed particularly

that some rushed eagerly forward, anxious to reach him first, others rather unconcernedly, as though there was plenty of time, and again others very reluctantly. This seemed to grieve him very much, insomuch that he wept. At this juncture, Eldress Mary appeared, waving her arms and motioning her hands toward Elder Otis, and beckoning me to follow, and in another moment, I was by her side and in her embraces. The interview was brief, but it left rather a sorrowful impression, though her countenance bore not the expression of sorrow or of sadness.

"I gathered the feeling from her that she expressed in one of her last letters to me, where she says, 'I do not want to die. I want to live, to see the gospel increase in the earth.' This is the sum and substance of the dream, and now you will not wonder that I make my way to you as quickly as some of those people did to good Elder Otis. The visions and dreams of the night pass away, but impressions remain, and we are more than willing that they should.

"In the one year that has passed since our dear mother went home, I have learned a few lessons, and, as you sort of claim me as one of your children, will relate one of them, that you may know what progress I am making. It is this. That, as we are residents of earth, have earthly duties to perform and fulfill to ourselves and others, and this is our allotted sphere to work in for the time being, it will not answer to have the sense too divided, lest, in the attempt to be in both spheres at one and the same time, we miss of the blessing of both. I was gently reprimanded by Eldress Antoinette for this as I was by one other thing. It was in meeting. My heart was heavy and beating as though it would burst its socket. I so felt the need of her strong baptism and testimony, and my own inability and weakness crept over me, that it caused my spirit to sink and

I gave up to silent weeping. At this she came and laid her hand upon my shoulder, saying, 'My child, cast aside the mourning and the sighing, put off the habiliments of sorrow and gird thyself with the beautiful garments of joy for heaviness, of gladness for sadness. I will light your path and flowers of heavenly beauty will spring up therein. Strength shall be meted out to you, according to your day. Your bread is certain and your water is sure. My love is as the full flowing fountain, and my blessing as the falling rain.' Was not this a lesson? Since the loving rebuke, I will not, I dare not murmur. I will take the cup of tribulation, however bitter, and drink it up, if need be, to the very dregs. And why not? The sweetness, the saving properties are in it that my poor soul needs so much. And the blessing of a kind and tender mother is at the end of the road."

Eldress Anna realized the necessity of securing lucrative employment for the sisters, that they might earn a livelihood, lay by an increase and build up the united inheritance. Opportunity offered to undertake shirt-making. Machines were installed in a large, well-lighted shop, water-power was brought in and the work begun. The young sisters, with some of the older ones, took this as their daily task, when not employed in the kitchen department. Some were appointed to inspect the finished work, some to pack the garments. Eldress Anna often assisted at the machines, where her quick eyes and mechanical skill were of great advantage. But, if a defective place appeared, she would sit, minute after minute, patiently picking out the work, while the eager race of the buzzing machines went on about her, each seeking to do the greatest number or to fill a rush order. One day, a remonstrance was made. "Why do you pick it out, Eldress Anna? The place will never show." She promptly replied,—"Even if it were never seen or criticized by others, *we* must know that all which passes

through our hands is done upon honor. In this way, an influence for good will go out with all that we have handled." This was the spirit manifested in all that she did, as well as enforced in her teachings. Perfect work, no matter if much or little, but the best in quality. One recalls that she was set to labor for a gift in domestic work, and was referred to an older sister as an exemplar. This sister was not one of the most proficient, on the contrary, she was proverbially slow and less adept than most others. But, coming from a home of wealth, all unused to labor with her hands, she had given her whole soul to the spiritual work, expressed equally in manual labor and religious devotion. Hand labor was as sacred to her as prayer and spiritual exercise, and, through all the years of her Believer life, she had striven with devotion to gain some adaptation and usefulness in handiwork. To this sister, far behind many others in natural ability along these lines, Eldress Anna directed the young disciple, sure that in the gift of consecration, she would acquire ability and skill, and the lesson was well learned.

In September, 1888, while on a visit to Canterbury, Eldress Anna wrote to the Ministry, "Our cup of joy was about full to overflowing with gospel treasures gathered from Canterbury and Enfield, and we felt rich and happy to be the recipients and in the anticipation of being bestowers at home and elsewhere of the great wealth received, when, at the last of the feast, which was far from being the best of the wine, we received the sad intelligence of precious Eldress Hester's exit to the land of souls. It was like a paralytic shock—a a shock from which we have not yet recovered.

"A mother like dear Eldress Hester is seldom found. Myself loved her better than any other one out of our own society, because I had reason for so doing; and she has borne up so nobly in parting with Elder Otis

and Eldress Mary, was spared herself to be a comforter to the little band, and now, their Shepherdess is smitten, and what of the flock? Poor orphan children, their wounds just being healed, and now freshly opened again by this heavy stroke! May the best of the heavenly host, and we will include them, hover over, protect, cherish, comfort, strengthen and nourish the remainder who are left behind. This is our fervent prayer."

In the autumn of 1891, a Harvest Home Festival was held, showing the work done in the North Family, from 1820, by young and old. The exhibit, to which much thought and care had been given, as well as hard work in preparation, covered every department of the industrial and social life of the family. Eldress Anna wrote, "There was a gift in it. Labor truly has its reward. The union, love and kindred friendship was enhanced many fold. And this is a Christian Community, where love is the only incentive to labor and a 'United Inheritance' in all the blessings of life, the recompense. No wage slavery, no task-masters, no monopolies. Brother Daniel Offord, who is ever alive to the interests of the laborer, asked for the tenants on our farms to have an opportunity to attend. They came through his invitation, much to our gratification and their happiness."

In June, 1892, she writes: "Spring work outdoors presses with uncommon force. Sisters have on hand over 200 dozen shirts, 200 pounds of wool are being sorted, cleansed and dyed in the old-fashioned indigo blueing tub, 400 yards of cotton cloth bleached in chloride. Window-painting, wall-painting, staining, etc., is included in the sum. Brethren are seen skipping here and there between the raindrops to replant, or, with hoe in hand, to uproot, and so it goes." Another June, the record tells that Eldress Anna, with three young sisters, painted, twice over, 325 windows. She was fond of wielding the paint-brush, and no less fond of a

quiet joke, which she played one day upon a party of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, who drove into the dooryard, where they saw an old lady, in a battered Shaker bonnet and well-worn dress stained with paint, bending over, plying the brush upon the wooden railing about the high Shaker horse-block. To a hesitating query, the old lady replied, in an aggrieved tone, "Yea, I am an old woman, been here more than half a century, and this is the way they treat me. Don't you think the Shakers are pretty hard on me?" A sympathetic but embarrassed reply was followed by the inquiry if they might speak with Eldress Anna White. To their amazement, the little figure stood erect, pushed back the old bonnet, revealing the noble and expressive features, the blue eyes dancing in mischievous glee, as she demurely said, "Well, they sometimes call me Eldress Anna."

The Grand Old Man of Shakerism, Elder Frederick W. Evans, was approaching the end of earthly existence. Second Elder, when Anna White entered in 1849, Head of the family, when she was called to the Elders' lot, and her own associate Brother in that Order, Eldress Anna owed to him much of her spiritual power and mental training. He was a strenuous wielder of the theological battle-axe as well as the Sword of the Spirit. She would often object, "O Elder Frederick, I don't like theology." "But, Sister Anna, you *must* like theology, it is the backbone of faith. Without a sound theology, you cannot *use* your faith." And he would insist upon her following his arguments and fencing with him in the workings of his strong, fresh thought.

He was a great believer in the love of the gospel, and the fatherly spirit was as potent a factor in his character as the controversialist. Often, he would call her insistently from some task, and, when she had come to him, he would say, "I want to give you some love!"

"O Elder Frederick," she would exclaim, half impatiently, "is that all? Why didn't you wait till I was through my work?" "Anna," he would reply, with quizzical solemnity, "Love is the most important thing in the world." These half-tantalizing lessons were never lost, and one of her own most winning traits, in the midst of some combat with a tried or angry spirit, was to stop all debate and call for "More Love!" Hard indeed was the heart and cruel the temper, that did not melt into contrition or break up in a laugh, as the clear blue eyes looked straight through one and the pleading lips called for "Love, More Love!"

An interesting sketch of Elder Frederick, told largely in his own words, and a beautiful tribute to his character and personality, by Eldress Anna, appeared in the April "Manifesto" of 1893. Among her pencillings of later years, are these words addressed to Elder Henry Blinn: "I lost my spiritual father, Elder Frederick. Nay, not lost! He is with me still. His spiritual presence forces itself upon me now as I write. His aura fills the atmosphere and his strong magnetic voice is heard as he says, "My love to Canterbury!" Dear Father! The overflow of his love bedims the eyes. He used to call me from work just on purpose to give me love. The great leading mind and the noble consecrated soul was filled with the simplicity of a child. Not always understood, he lived in advance of his age." In the months that followed his passing, Eldress Anna prepared that beautiful tribute, entitled "Immortalized." Among her papers is a paragraph headed, "Elder Frederick's last words." They were spoken to her, just before going to the family meeting, on the last night of his life. She stepped into his room to see that he wanted for nothing, and to gather his love and blessing. He said, "It is necessary for every human being to have friends in the last trying hour. friends in the form. There are

hosts of resurrection angels all around us. I have no feeling to give up so soon. I have the elements of a warrior in me. A person having that in him, he ought not to give up to trifles. Of late, my mind has been so full, I have hardly had strength to fulfill all duties. Good-night, have a spirited gospel meeting for me." The last words were often upon her own lips, in her closing days, when her associate left her to attend the hour of family worship.

VIII

ELDRESS ANNA loved the spiritual observance of Christmas, as instituted by Mother Ann Lee, recognizing its inspiration to deeper consecration and purer inner light. She disliked the exchange of presents, as too often a meaningless custom and, in community life, a needless outlay and scattering of force, greatly preferring to see spiritual gifts of love and blessing observed in the family, as individual consecration deepened. She entered heartily into the intellectual feasts, encouraged the singing of Christmas songs, and for several years went softly about the halls in the dawn of Christmas morning, playing a sweet measure upon a cut-glass dish, as her personal contribution to the early melodies. It was her special care that the children should have a happy day and it was always a cause for rejoicing that their sumptuous tables had not called for the suffering or death of any living creature. At this season, she often sent out one of her sunlit epistles, the warm glow of love and wide spaces open to her spiritual vision shining through its beautifully penned pages. To a service of the society, she wrote:

"Christmas morning. Imprisoned by the enemy that

lies in wait for all in turn, the voice of love has sounded continuously through the bars, the well-known tones of those who for long years have marched and fought by my side, and with the Christmas bells I send back my answer of love and good cheer. The walls that have kept me from you will soon we trust have disappeared, not beaten down by force, as in the ancient tale, but vanished through the warm, vitalizing potency of healing love. From the vantage-ground of renewing life and the fresh enjoyment of life, its mornings and its evenings, its pleasant days and, thank God, its restful nights, I send you, brothers and sisters, my message of peace and love and Christmas joy. One and all, accept my love and thanks for your deeds of kindness and words of love and for every thought of health and strength which has been sent out for my healing. All these helpful thoughts are forces of the springtime and not one has missed its aim or failed of its mission. To one and all, A Happy Christmas!"

After the passing, a few days before Christmas, of one who for thirty years had been her faithful friend and loved sister, she wrote in her journal:

"Christmas morning. Bright, pleasant and joyous is this day, ushered in by the subdued light of a cloudy sky. Bright, because devoid of shadows; pleasant, because of congenial associations creating a happy, peaceful home; and joyous, in the thought of life that makes glad the mourner, gives hope to the despondent, strength to the feeble, courage to the strong, and to all that breathes Peace and Goodwill and everlasting Christmas. Not the Christ that was, or is to be, but the Christ that *is,* is the Christ for me.—A. W."

Reform movements along the lines of Shaker faith and practice were shared by the North Family, under their progressive leaders. As the First Peace Society in America, Shakers joined forces with Peace Societies

that grew up in the outside order, and delegates from the North Family for many years attended the annual meetings of the Universal Peace Union. Sanitary and vegetarian movements found them already in the van. Eldress Anna writes:

"To Elder Frederick belongs the honor, for honor it is, of introducing a vegetarian diet into the North Family, fifty years ago and upward. But coffee, tea, eggs and dairy products have always been and still are in use. My father was a reformer, he took up the Graham system and laid hold of the water-cure idea, cold water, at that. And when quite young I imbibed the same ideas and carried them out, until I went to boarding-school, where it was utterly impossible for me to do so. I must either eat what was set before me and say nothing for conscience' sake, or starve. I was not many years from school when I came to Mount Lebanon. The vegetarian diet had been recently introduced, and but four out of fifty members had adopted it. It was a great innovation and made a great talk. They were persecuted in the family and out, and I, naturally, and from a sense of duty, too, sympathized and united with them—these vegetarians. For fifty-two years, I have practiced and inculcated the vegetarian diet." And this she continued to the end of life.

A most winning trait was her sweet courtesy of universal sympathy, overleaping barriers, and going straight to a need or longing of stranger or passer by, and her kind response to secret impulses toward spiritual illumination was felt by many as the best gift of their lives. Equally generous was the manner in which she entertained expressions of thought or theory. To give every one an unprejudiced hearing, sympathetic mental hospitality was her constant attitude. Yet, the balance of forces, her unwavering adherence to the principles whose truth she had made her own by practical experi-

ence, was never in the least degree moved. She was often heard to say, "When I find a better way than Shakerism, I shall embrace it, as I embraced Shakerism. We claim all that is good as part of Shakerism."

In 1894 and again in 1896, she spoke in a course of lectures by denominational leaders, in the Church of the Unity, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. In her opening words, on the first occasion, she referred to her recollections of the beautiful inland city. "When I think of Pittsfield, forty years ago, a quaint little town, with one or two churches and a school, and remember those with whom we were acquainted, and see the progress that has been made, with many gone to their reward and others in their places, we are reminded that this earth is not our abiding-place." The talk that followed was in her usual frank and happy style, an exposition of Shaker thought and life. At the second meeting, she read a paper on the True Spiritualism.

One of many instances, where appeals came from outside workers that Shakers would extend their sphere of influence, is a request from California that the Shakers of Mount Lebanon would establish an outpost on the Pacific Coast. Eldress Anna replied: "We are very much pleased with the tone of your letter; it touches a chord in our hearts that vibrates in harmony with our own enthusiastic desires, that the truths revealed in our Society may at no distant day extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. 'For this gospel must be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations, then shall the end come.' The end of what? Of wars, civil, political and religious, of social strife and contentions; of pestilence and famine; of inequality and monopoly; of poverty and crime; of intemperance and sensuality; of slavery and generation. It has come to us; and we rejoice with an exceeding great joy that 'the lines have fallen to us in such pleasant places.'

"While we recognize a great army of truth-loving souls, like yourself, who are working so persistently for the advancement of the race, advocating peace principles, temperance, equality, women's rights, etc., we are not without hope that eventually a new earthly order will arise, wherein use and not abuse of the procreative faculties in man and woman will be observed, and wherein right makes might; even as now exists a heavenly order of peace and righteousness, revealed and established by divine wisdom and love. It needs the one to sustain the other, and we confidently look to this class as being forerunners of the all-important work of redemption. The leaven is working. But, my dear friend, until it works a little more, we cannot warrant the establishment of a Shaker Society in California, or in any other place at present.

"In the meantime, we bless you in your efforts, and appreciate the liberal offer you extend. It is not an impossible thing, if it is an impracticable one: the future must decide. If you could so arrange as to place in the public libraries our books and pamphlets, and thus lay before the people the great truths therein contained, we will agree to furnish a sufficient amount. As you are striving to be a redeemer in the generative order, we are aiming to be saviours in the resurrection. Let us clasp hands. Hoping to hear from you again, I remain your friend in the cause of human redemption, Anna White."

"Mankind," she wrote, "are going up and not down. They are moving toward God, the Father of light, and the dispenser of all good gifts. A few more steps in this direction will lead them to acknowledge a Heavenly Mother. The fire that was kindled in the first appearance of Christ has been and is being rekindled by her testimony. Believers should fan the flames and increase the fire by throwing into it those things which the

Spirit of God does not approve. 'Our God is a consuming fire.' She will not only clean out every vestige as small as a breastpin or finger ring, but the very spirit that would keep that life alive. Not only sins committed, but the very nature of sin that we all possess is embraced in the testimony of Mother, and whoever accepts this must part with their dearest idols. The idol may be a father, mother, son or daughter, husband or wife, selfish property, or some bad habit, like smoking or chewing tobacco—it must eventually be consumed by the fire of truth. And happy and glorified is the soul who spares no idol, great or small."

The sudden death, in November, 1897, of the highly gifted Sister Martha J. Anderson, for several years her associate, brought great sorrow. Her grief was so intense and prolonged, that it brought a remonstrance from faithful spirit friends, and a message came from the departed sister, begging her loved ones not to mourn so hopelessly, for it grieved her and held her back. The message, tender as it was, touched the quick conscience of Eldress Anna and she condemned herself for indulgence in sorrow, sternly setting herself to take up life's burdens anew. But it was long ere she recovered, and never did the seasons pass without tender memories lingering over Sister Martha's familiar ways and favorite haunts. The time of her departure was ever one of quiet communion with the fond, beautiful spirit so closely united to her own. A few days after the going of Sister Martha, came the transition of Eldress Ann Taylor, who seemed in very truth an embodiment of Wisdom and Love. She had said to Eldress Anna, when mourning the loss of Eldress Antoinette, "I will be your Mother, come to me whenever you want to!" and the ties of spiritual kinship between them were especially close. These two, closely linked in life and united in their passing, were joined in a beautiful memorial, prepared

by Eldress Anna,—a dainty white booklet, named "Only Arisen."

At the time of the Dreyfus affair, the Shaker sisters were deeply stirred with indignation and sympathy. In conjunction with Mary Frost Evans, editor of the *Rhode Islander,* was sent forth "The Shaker Sisters' Plea for Dreyfus." Eldress Anna wrote: "We thought our protest would find a corresponding mind in you, and we are not disappointed. We shall continue to do violence by waging a more effective war, as only Peace people can do, against the baseness of inhumanity to man and to woman. I cannot agree with you that 'One voice can do but little in this great floodgate of persecution.' It can do much. Think what you are doing. If 2000 years ago, 'One could chase a thousand and two and ten thousand to flight,' what may not the closing of this nineteenth century do, when one voice can echo through the channels of the press to millions of people the world over? The still, small voice, sure enough. How it gathers in volume, when put forth aright, until it becomes like the voice of many waters, the voice of a great thunder. Nay, we are not weak, we are strong!"

The record of her family closes with a letter to her sister Rachel. Cornell White had passed away in 1884, from his home at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, and on May 1st, 1899, Rachel White Baker joined the others from her daughter's home at Naugatuck, Connecticut. The letter, dated "1, 8, 1899," two days before her sister's seventy-third birthday, reads:

"DEAR SISTER RACHEL:

> "The seasons come and the seasons go,
> Like the summer's rain and the winter's snow.

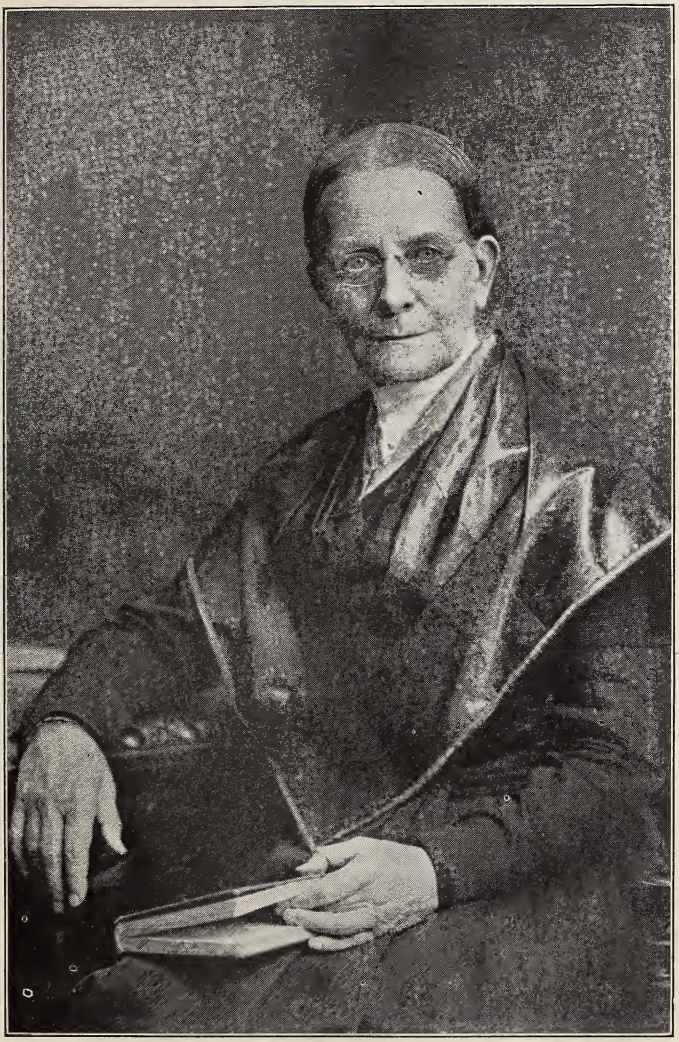
"So swiftly they fleet away, and not so fast but that at each milestone we stop and consider and ponder over

the past, recognize the present and peer into the future. Well for that man and woman who can look back without a regret, who can joyfully accept the present and who with all hope and courage awaits the future. And how is my dear sister of seventy-three years? Climbing upward, I trust, round upon round, steadily and gracefully. Into my short life have come great trials and severe sufferings, surmounted by greater conquests and sweeter joys. It may be so in thine. I hope so. There are countless æons yet in store for us in the vast eternity, where we will look back upon our short life here as but a span, the wink of an eye, or the draught of a breath. In this short time we may increase or decrease. Happy may it be with us, if at the end we find our life has not all been a blank and that we have not lived in vain. In that other stage of existence, I trust we shall know each other better, understand as we would wish to be understood, see as we would wish to be seen, love as we would wish to be loved.

"In our busy little world at Mount Lebanon, the conflict ever wages between the right and the wrong. Individuals from all classes apply for admission and it requires a clear, sharp eye of discernment to decide whom to accept and whom to reject. The past season, we were beset by swarms of people, not all applicants, the most were highly intelligent travelers or boarders from Pittsfield, Lenox, Stockbridge, and other places. Many wanted a good dinner, which we gave them with charge—a vegetarian dinner. A man and his wife stayed with us over night, who were well acquainted all around Little Silver, Rumsom Road, the old White Place, Dr. Parmley's Place, the Hance's, etc. They said the old windmill was still standing by Shrewsbury River. To tell the truth, I would like once more this side of life to set eyes on the dear old homestead where we spent our childhood days.

"My work is at present arduous and continuous, and as duty before pleasure has always been my motto, affording greater satisfaction, I cheerfully resign the lesser for the greater. The season thus far has been all that we could ask. Autumn was beautiful, and now, the winter reigns just as it should with snow and ice and biting cold as a tonic. This morning, as the sun rose over the eastern hills, what a sight met the gaze! Trees, clear to their tip-tops, were bespangled with diamonds and jewels; the smallest twig glistened with the work of the frost king. It was one vast scene of beauty, which no earthly artist could dare imitate. Sleighing is magnificent. We are having a new State Road built through the village and farther on, which will greatly facilitate travel. The ice harvest is approaching and soon our empty ice-houses will be filled. I anticipate hearing from thee by the 21st sure. If thee is able to write but a line, it will be appreciated by thy younger sister. The looking-glass reminds me of our mother, as a shadow of myself appears, so much so I am startled. Silvery hair predominates, my weight is good, 128 probably. I have all my front teeth, seven upper and seven lower, am as spry as ever on foot and withal I am ready to enter the next century with steady head, with upright form and I hope with a clear conscience."

How clearly memory recalls her, as she met the incoming century,—her delicate figure, slightly stooping, tripping steps that darted up and down the stairways and flitted like a bird about the paths, her finely-shaped, well-poised head, broad forehead, well-rounded curves of intellectual and spiritual faculties, her strong, expressive face, her clear, blue eyes, that looked the soul through, melting in sympathy, glowing with lofty thought and earnest purpose, at times laughing like a child's, her delicate hand, firm, strong, sensitive, soft as a rose



IN MEDITATION.

petal. A little boy, who spent the summer weeks under her care, in whom the big man was sometimes too rampant, loved to feel the touch of her hand. "Gee!" he would say, "doesn't her hand feel soft on a fellow's head!"

Sometimes, meeting one of the new adherents, whom she was carefully studying, with magnetic finger-tips she would playfully drum upon the breast, "to find out what is inside," she would say, as if her fingers, like her spirit touch, could, witch-hazel fashion, find the responsive current beneath the surface. Several in mature life had entered the family, for whose planting in the gospel she felt great concern. She saw in their turning to Shakerism, the fulfillment of her eager hopes, fruitage of the long seed-sowing, first ripples from the vibrating human sea, responding to the law of tidal influx. She was most desirous that the true gift of God might be implanted, the sure founding upon the rock of truth secured. Tirelessly she labored, rejoicing over each new sign of responsive life, grieving over every lapse and fearlessly true in her unfolding and smiting of hidden evil, which threatened to destroy the young plants in her spiritual garden.

While she accepted gratefully the gift of manual labor, Eldress Anna had little sympathy with the narrow interpretation of personal consecration, which would count the hands holy but not the head, bless faithful service in kitchen, laundry and sewing-shop, but see no place for natural or cultivated talents in music, art, or literature. The higher the powers, the deeper should be the consecration, and the more imperative the need of employment in the House of God. During the years, a more abundant literature had been gathered, a well-selected library, carefully watched and judiciously enlarged. Musical instruments had been added and opportunity for study and practice provided. The care-

ful development of literary ability had been for many years part of her labor for others as well as herself. To one, in whom the reformer's impulse was strong, she procured an open door to many outside movements and a home secretaryship in humanitarian causes, leading to still more active measures in varied lines of work. In consequence of the union with French women in the Dreyfus affair, and as a result of her obtaining more signatures than any other woman in the State of New York to the petition for international disarmament, she had been appointed Vice-President for that State in the Woman's International League for Peace and Arbitration. To this post with its incumbent duty, she was faithful. One, who was fond of her lifelong work of teaching, she placed over a school, first, the public school of the district, then, after some years, a private school for the girls and young sisters. When literary ability was found, it was promptly put to use. Executive or household ability, or skill in any other line, was equally valued and equally employed. To the publishing of a book of poems by a talented sister among the recent members she gave attention and sympathetic aid. To full consecration and devoted, faithful service and loyalty, she inspired all by her own spirit and daily life as well as by her teaching and public testimony.

Industrial problems received careful study. Shirt-making had long been given up as not sufficiently remunerative. Increasing interest in the home life of Shakers, manifested by throngs of people from neighboring summer resorts, was met in a kindly spirit. Instead of turning away these somewhat troublesome guests as intruders, the doors were courteously thrown open. The life of the Shaker home, its inner meaning, its outward expression, was revealed. Visitors were conducted over the premises, the various mechanical and labor-saving devices were explained, kitchen, dining-room,

meeting-room, library, one or two living-rooms, workshops, laundry, dairy, and other places of interest were shown and the many questions of curiosity, or deeper and more serious import, were answered by intelligent, spiritual-minded guides. Many sincere friendships were thus established, spiritual light and noble impulses were imparted and valuable returns were made to the self-sacrificing spirit of the home. Vegetarian dinners were remunerative, and a shop for the sale of fancy goods, antiques, confectionery, honey and other home products, grew from small beginnings to an important industrial center.

IX

BOOKS and leaflets by Eldress Anna have had wide circulation. A work to which she devoted much time and effort, was "Original Shaker Music." The first volume was published in 1884, the second appeared in 1893. She wanted an appropriate motto for the title-page of the new hymnal, and one morning awakened repeating verses, which she vainly tried to locate. Appealing to her associate, Sister Martha Anderson, as more conversant with poets and poetry than herself, she asked, "Who wrote these lines?" "Who wrote them?" was the reply. "Why, I don't know, I never heard them before. I guess they are your own." She took the lines as a gift for the new volume, on whose title-page they stand.

"Man is a harp of a thousand strings,
Touch the spiritual chord of his heart,
And lo! with what inspiration he sings,
Unaided by science, unskilled in art;
'Tis the voice of God in his soul that sings,

And is more than a harp of a thousand strings."

In 1896, appeared "Mount Lebanon Cedar Boughs, Original Poems by the North Family Shakers," bearing upon its every page the impress of her mind.

"Voices from Mount Lebanon" was read at a conference of the Universal Peace Union, in 1899, and called forth from Ernest H. Crosby the wish that "Voices from Mount Lebanon were heard oftener by the people."

"The Motherhood of God," "Concise Statements" and its reprint, "Present Day Shakerism," are highly valued, while numerous smaller leaflets give her vigorous, prophetic thought on many themes. In 1901, she started on a project, long contemplated, of writing a history of Shakerism more comprehensive than any hitherto written and brought down to date. The work of reading, note-gathering, composing and transcribing was done by another; the inspiration, direction, weighing of evidence and final judgment were her own. For three years the work went on, and when completed, ready for submission to a trusted critic, she was not satisfied. The ideals of Shakerism, its meaning and message, had been set forth, but something was wanting. The whole truth had not been told. The cause of its temporary failures had not been portrayed. She seized the pen and in a trenchant, tender but terrible indictment, declared the tale of unfaithfulness, blight, mistake and wrong. These passages, the strongest in the book, embodied in its last chapter, can be readily recognized. The book was published in 1904, the proof-reading, advertising and presenting to the public being carried on largely hy her own hand.

Among her most attractive writings, are memorial sketches. "A King's Daughter," the memorial to Sister Polly Lewis, is a beautiful bit of hand painting. Another is dedicated to Sister Mary Hazard. The volume inscribed to Eldress Antoinette Doolittle is gracefully writ-

ten and the gathered flowers of memory tastefully arranged. In December, 1890, Elder Giles Bushnell Avery, of the Central Ministry, a beloved and inspired leader, entered the higher life. Eldress Anna prepared a tribute in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Translated," whose pages, worthy of their theme, deserve a better setting. "Immortalized" was her own favorite and "Only Arisen," most tender and touching of all, a white flower of memory laid sacredly aside, was rarely named.

Eldress Anna's gifts of song are a remarkable record in spiritual phonography. Heaven was often opened to her outer sense. One July day, when picking berries upon the mountain, she heard shouts of joy and singing, as of angelic choirs, in the air about her, and she joined in the song. On her return, word came that Elder Thomas Damon, a beloved brother in Hancock, had gone with the angels at the time when, on the mountain, knowing nothing of what was transpiring several miles away, her quick spiritual ear had caught the song, "A Shout of Triumph."

One night, she dreamed of seeing a woman, in dark and dangerous paths, weeping, and an angel bending over her, pointing upward to a bright light. Thus came the song, "I'll tell thee of Heaven, O child of earth."

One busy day, she heard the chiming of bells and asked, "Is there a service in the Valley? I hear the bells ringing." Finding them inaudible to others, she recognized the presence of spirit forces and gathered the song, "The Bells of Heaven are Ringing," with its graceful motions and inspiring message.

Early one morning, after a night of pain, her little fingers were raised, beating a rhythmic measure, and soon she began to sing,

"Falling, falling, like the fleecy snowflakes,
Dropping, dropping, like the gentle rain,

So doth the Spirit minister to mortals,
Bringing relief from sorrow and pain."

During recovery, waiting one bright morning for her breakfast to be served, she saw bright forms dancing on the snow-covered hillside, and a tall, white figure coming towards her, and began to sing,

"I hear the sound of thy coming."

Sitting in Elder Daniel Offord's room, thinking of his self-sacrificing life of toil and devoted service, as she arose to return to her own apartment, on the threshold, she began to sing,

"Health and strength I bring unto thee,
Beautiful child of Mother."

She called it Elder Daniel's song and often sang it to him.

A sister in the Church Family passed suddenly away, child of that Sister Eunice, so deeply mourned in her early life in the family, and, unable to attend the funeral service, as she lay on the couch in her sewing-shop, uniting in spirit, she heard the singing of a spirit band and joined in their triumphant strain,

"Sing, sing with the ransomed number."

Greatly interested in the work of many allied forces in the outer world, whose efforts for righteousness and human redemption she recognized as at one with those of Believers, she wrote the beautiful hymn, "The Saviour's Command." Her heart was saddened by conditions in society, and, unable to bear her testimony as of old, her spirit strove in its secret hiding-place for

a baptism of purity and power, and out of this travail hour came the song which bears her parting gift to the people whom she was soon to leave,

"The winds of God are blowing, the tide is setting in."

That the depleted condition of the Shaker families and the increasing burdens pressing upon the faithful remnant, weighed heavily upon the heart of Eldress Anna White, need not be said. Yet, her buoyancy of spirit was unfaltering, her faith in the final outcome, the permanence of the principles of Shakerism, the sure word of prophecy, whose fulfillment she traced in the history of Society, the unfulfilled promise of a new day, a new people and a new opening of the old gospel,—this abiding faith never failed. "There are more Shakers in the world to-day, than ever before," was her oft-repeated declaration. The world was vibrant with grand messages of truth, the teachings of Shakerism, and, the world over, she saw their import seized, their substance embodied and their life-giving power manifested.

"Be not dismayed nor disheartened," was her testimony, "that one after another, from our societies are being gathered of our best, our truest and our most efficient members. The new day of the Gospel, long foretold, is drawing near. An inner circle of those nearest to us, knowing best our needs and hence best able to minister to us, are being gathered on the spirit side. Through them will come the tides of power, the gifts of light, strength and life, long concentrated, by and in which we are to arise and minister Truth and Life. Verily, a spiritual tide is setting in upon the shores of humanity, from the ocean of God. Let us meet its coming! In the light and knowledge of this century, we have a brighter, clearer evangel than had William Lee and James Whittaker, Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright.

Let us arise and live, and proclaim the grand truths of God in Shakerism, not in the dress they wore 100 years ago, but as the noble, enlightened spirits of to-day now inspire us. Never have souls, hungering and thirsting for spiritual truth, gathered to us as now. Let us arise to our calling! Then will Shakerism live, blending, as it never could in the past, with the quickening life of the Spirit in the outer world,—a true center of spiritual life."

Many projects were advanced by outside friends, who desired to see Shaker homes built up in strength and membership, and who felt that a path thereto might lie along the road of opportunity to some of the many noble enterprises of the day. One was to open a home for little children, aiming not only to relieve the stress among city workers for that class, but to prepare the way for such children to become useful men and women and recruits for Shakerism. Eldress Anna, open in her philanthropic heart to every good cause, never lost sight of the fact that the work in her hands was not institutional, for the relief of the suffering bodies or starved minds of the many, but spiritual, for the evolution of men and women, those who had come to a point in spiritual development where they were ready, ripened, for the death of the natural and carnal, and the divine implanting of the spiritual life, to be nourished and brought to full harvest through the teaching and ministration of those called to that work. Very few, even of the most enlightened among her friends and outside helpers, could see this or realize her point of view,—the specialized work of Shakerism. It was not easy to refuse, apparently to be unwilling to assist in the so-called plain duty of humanity to its suffering brothers and sisters. But the same clear vision and strong purpose that in youth enabled her to distinguish the different planes of allied faiths and to hold to her purpose in despite of natural affection, opposition and persecution, was stronger still

in maturity, and held her to her conviction that she had no right nor authority to use the Shaker homes and the spiritual plant, established by generations of faithful toilers, for any other purpose than that for which, under divine direction, they had been given.

Of the responsibilities and capabilities of sisters, in the crisis time of Shaker history, she wrote:

"You ask what then, when the few worthy brethren pass off the stage of action, will the sisters be able to hold the fort and bring the condition of the home to a successful standing? That, too, is a problem, and still, as I think of it, why not? Women are making rapid and successful strides in every department that has hitherto been under man's control, and I am sure, when we look at the history of Believers, it has been the man and not the woman, as a general thing, who has taken advantage of the trust reposed in him and turned traitor to the cause, especially when entrusted with financial matters.

"Why not sisters? We have brains, reason, knowledge, and with combined energy would know how to apply it, adjust present conditions and further future conditions, to the satisfaction of ourselves and society. As women outside are asserting their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and upon all economical, social and political questions are evincing remarkable ability and skill, and as the rights of every human being are identical, then have not we Shaker sisters greater rights than all others, having absolute right of our own bodies, which in reality includes all other rights? It is my firm belief that had sisters continued to hold the balance of power in their own hands, as in Mother Lucy Wright's day, all the dire financial calamities might have been averted. There is where we need to return to the way-marks, at least, such is my humble opinion."

To a friend of her girlhood, a sister beloved for many years, she writes:

"Why is it that my thoughts take wing and fly away over mountain and valley, upon the blustering, rollicking March winds to Canterbury? Reaching that blest abode, either the winds subside or a stronger magnet than they stops my flight, my wings lower and I go no farther. I have thought of you, precious sister, so much of late. Why, do you ask? Just for love's sake, love, the best gift God ever bestowed upon her creature, woman. It was the her in Deity that drew us together, the great Maternal soul in your Eldress. You know Eldress Antoinette was my Savior. No greater proof do I need of the Divine Infinite Mother than is manifested in earthly vessels—our spiritual Mothers in the gospel of Mother. It comes to me that we are fast wending our way back towards the ancient way-marks from which we never ought to have strayed. Had sisters kept the helm as did Mother Ann and Mother Lucy, and been the directors in temporal and spiritual things, of course taking counsel of the brethren, a prosperity would have attended where now devastation and desolation exist. History is ever repeating itself, and the history of our Order when repeated will find woman in her appointed place in the kingdom, as was first designed, though it come in an abnormal way, through force of circumstances. It needs not a prophet's eye to peer into the future to see the coming change."

Eldress Anna was active in reform movements, a member of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and Vice-President of the National Council of Women, the North Family, under her leadership, for several years, forming a branch organization of that progressive body.

On the 31st of August, 1906, in the old Shaker meeting-house at Mount Lebanon, was held a Peace Conference, addresses being made by a large number of speakers of national repute. No more absorbing moment in the

day occurred than when Eldress Anna White stood up at the opening of the afternoon session and, in a clear, resonant voice, whose accents reached every corner of the roomy structure, read her address.

"Friends and Co-Laborers,

"From far and near, known and unknown, we make you welcome to this rich feast of intellectual and spiritual thought. You have responded nobly to our call, a call that arises from a necessity, a call that is being heard increasingly in the earth, even as the rolling thunder in these mountain lands increases in volume, as it resounds from valley to hilltop, and echoes from mountain to mountain. You may think, that, cloistered as we are from the outside world, pursuing the even tenor of our ways, the larger affairs of life, those pertaining to country and nation and not directly affecting us, would not enlist our sympathy nor engage our attention. It is far otherwise. No citizen is more thoroughly alive to the interests of state or nation, than are the Shakers. In the Peace of the nation is our Peace. The cause of Peace is our cause; its friends are our friends, and the opponents of Universal Peace (of course, none such are here to-day) are our particular friends, for they, above all others, stand in need of friends. In one respect, we stand alone. We are known as the Virgin Church, the only one in existence whose members, one and all, are called to a life of chastity and non-resistance. Freely granting that other branches of the Church Universal, our co-laborers in the cause of Right, may, after the law of Moses, marry and be given in marriage,—the Voice that called the founders of this order and that has called each one of us, made vital the command, 'First pure, then peaceable.' And in our communistic life, we have found this, our interpretation of purity, the essential to justice and peace.

"Peace-makers that we have been for 131 years, and

to-day holding strictly to these important principles, we claim that no other people on the face of the globe know what it is to meet the warring, dashing elements in human nature, and to overcome them, as it is given us to know. Talk about war! You may take a thousand cities more easily than rule the wild, turbulent passions inherent in the human breast. Warriors may boast of their achievements on sea and land, but no warrior ever brought home laurels of greater worth than they who, by self-conquest, have won in the battle of truth over error and right over wrong.

"While in this our personal, spiritual warfare, we know of no surrender, we feel to-day a call to a larger battle than our fathers fought. Silent and unseen, these currents of justice, peace and purity, have been coursing through the earth. To-day, small in numbers though we are, we feel moved, like the prophets of old time, to call aloud unto the nations and bid them cease their strife.

"In this movement in favor of international peace and arbitration, we are inspired to meet responses from leading minds, noble men and women, who can do better work than can we in arousing the nations to their duty. A powerful host in the spirit world is at our side, unseen hands are at the helm. We have but to work in accord with them and success in the end is sure. Here, in this old meeting-house, whose every nail and timber were placed by consecrated hands, four score years ago, where in worship, after the true Shaker style, body, soul and spirit were given up to the movings of the Spirit of God, these workers and saints of the past gather to-day and are uplifted, even as we are lifted up, by the helpers they see about us. We have solved many a knotty problem by the aid of unseen powers, and to-day, we lift hearts and voices in united supplication, that the solution of this great question of peace and arbitration, which has drawn us together, may be found, be accepted

by the nations, and Peace and Harmony may become the natural element of our life upon the earth. In the name of this Almighty Spirit of Peace, I bid you welcome, and may the wisdom that is from above rule our counsels and bring fruition to our hopes!"

In November, Eldress Anna, accompanied by Sister Sarah Burger, in a personal interview, presented to President Roosevelt the Resolutions adopted at the Shaker Peace Conference and asked for them his sanction and support. The interview was unique, as the two strong characters met face to face. In that most virile and forceful of men, that most spiritually forceful of women, was a subtle quality in common. Eldress Anna, who found him "a much better looking man than I had expected," said, "We greatly appreciate this opportunity. We have come a long distance, and we would have come a much longer distance to speak with the leading ruler of the world to-day on the subject of Peace." Referring to their consistent Peace platform for over 130 years, the Shaker Order being coeval with the Republic, and having never taken part in political or party strife, Eldress Anna affirmed that the Shakers had been among the best citizens the Republic had ever had. She spoke of the noble language of his recent Thanksgiving Day Proclamation, which she regarded as "sound Shaker doctrine." The President gracefully acknowledged this tribute. His eyes never wavered from the face of this Shaker Eldress of seventy-five years, nor did her gaze flinch from his steady, piercing look. It was, as some one quaintly said, "Turk meet Turk."

Taking the resolutions which were presented, the President quickly absorbed their contents, asking if they wished him to reply now. "We will await your time. If it is your pleasure to answer them now, it will give us pleasure to listen," was her reply. Thereupon, the President said:—

"I cordially agree with the spirit of the resolutions, but do not believe that disarmament under the existing circumstances of the intercourse among nations is practicable, although I favor very strongly enlarging and amplifying the powers and jurisdiction of the Hague Court of Arbitration, in reference to the submission of questions to that tribunal for decision. I feel that it is more important to eliminate the causes of war than to diminish the existing armies and navies of the different nations. I consider that it is better that a nation should engage in war than to submit to injustice and imposition of wrong upon national honor and interests. Justice before peace! My general sentiments are strongly in favor of the spirit and purpose of the resolutions adopted last August, and I am much obliged to the Sisters for traveling such a distance in this weather, to present them for my consideration."

One of a group of Paulist Fathers, awaiting their turn, now arose and greeted Eldress Anna—"I must thank you," he said, "for your excellent address." The President, laying a hand affectionately upon his shoulder, introduced him as the Rev. Father Dole, who had stood firmly by him in his work as Police Commissioner in New York City. Friends of Eldress Anna will appreciate her perfectly natural manner of plucking the President's sleeve, as he turned away, saying, "We want to see Mrs. Roosevelt; can we see her?" "I'll see, I'll see," was the quick reply. "By George, I'll risk it. Come at 2 o'clock. Good-bye!"

The resolutions were left in the hands of a committee, and were afterward incorporated in the work of the Hague Tribunal. This visit to Washington held many things of interest, among them a dinner at Castle Henderson, the residence of ex-Senator John B. and Mary Foote Henderson, where the Shaker Sisters met several distinguished public men interested in the Peace Movement.

X

DURING a severe illness, Eldress Anna was brought into connection with Christian Science. The story is told in the "Christian Science Journal," for December, 1907, and need not be repeated, save that she was raised from what was pronounced by a wise and skillful physician to be her death-bed, through the ministrations of Christian Science practitioners. Naturally, Christian Science became a study, in which she found the fundamental truths and principles already the basis of her long and fruitful spiritual travel. The law of spiritual healing was clearly and logically stated, but the foundation was the same as that revealed to the spiritually illumined Ann Lee and her immediate followers, particularly, the organizers, Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright. In familiar instances of healing under the spiritual gifts of Shaker leaders, she read the intuitive application of the law so forcibly expounded by Mary Baker Eddy. That law, unfailing in its action, when all conditions are fulfilled, the people of Ann Lee's day were not prepared to read, much less to formulate. In a letter to Mrs. Eddy, she said:

"Ever since my remarkable yet divinely natural recovery, through the power of Divine Love, as demonstrated through Christian Science treatment, my hitherto spiritual faith and practical experience of Divine Healing has been quickened by a new electrical spark from the altar of Divine Inspiration, as manifested through Christian Science.

"We of the North Family of Shakers, with many others throughout our Order, recognize in your teaching the scientific statement and fresh inspiration in the revelation of the truths inherent in our faith, promulgated, for her day and time, and practiced to a surprising fulness, by our revered Mother, Ann Lee. This

enables us more rapidly to lay hold of the truth and appreciate its beauty and power.

"You are one of those who have come up out of great tribulation, and the whole wide world owes you a tribute of respect, of veneration and of love, for the self-sacrificing spirit you have manifested for the good of humanity. I would add to the many testimonials, my word of gratitude and loving appreciation. God bless and keep you in the hollow of His Hand, is the earnest prayer of

"Your Shaker friend, Anna White."

A return gift from out the years came one August day, when, in a somewhat confused message over the 'phone, was heard the name of Hanna Baker and the fact that some one would soon be at the railroad station. A team was despatched and in due time a sunny-faced friend appeared, who announced herself "one of Hanna Baker's girls," and said that Hanna herself was only a few miles away. At once, a peremptory summons was sent over the wires,—"To Hanna Baker, Come to Mount Lebanon at once. Anna White." At sunset, standing in the house-door, with her rare, sweet smile, her face alight with expectant love, she greeted a tall, noble-looking woman, who same swiftly up the walk, "Is this my little girl?" Last seen when parted from at four years of age, the never forgotten child of her best-loved sister Phebe was clasped in her arms. The years had dealt graciously. A graduate of Bellevue, for many years the Head of a Training School for nurses, she had gathered about her hundreds of young women, to whom she had been teacher, friend and guide, and in her own life-path had traveled side by side in spiritual unfoldment and soul activities, with her beloved Aunt Anna. Henceforth, her visits were the joy of every summer, their loving talks, like their letters, always in the sweet "simple language" of the early Quaker home. Once, Hanna wrote, "This letter is enclosing the little poem written many

years ago and which, because it touched hearts, I suppose, was quite widely copied in some of the papers. Thee will care for it, I am sure. Our dear Mother was so bright, so full of affection, so helpful to everyone who came in her way, I saw an expression of hers many times in thy face, Aunt Anna dear. I am glad that coming to thee after such a long absence, I could carry to thee, in my heart and face, something of my dear Mother's spirit."

"MOTHER'S WAY.

"Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
As we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done;
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer:
'It was once our Mother's way.'

"If our home be bright and cheery,
If it hold a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember,
This was ever Mother's way.

"Sometimes, when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long,
When our burdens look too heavy,

And we deem the right all wrong,
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise, to proudly say:
'Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear Mother's way.'

"Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of life's day,
They may find us waiting calmly,
To go home our Mother's way."

—BY HANNA BAKER.

One, who had been separated from the home for a period of years, had found her way back for an annual visit and one of her best treats was to carry off "the little Mother" for a visit to Old Ocean, at Asbury Park, this city by the sea being in the immediate vicinity of Eldress Anna's childhood home. One day, her old playmate, Eric Parmley, called upon her and took her to ride, as in the days of the pony and donkey cart of long ago. The same genial, kindly spirit was manifest in the gray-haired physician as in the little playmate of sixty years before, and the scenes of their childhood were re-visited, greatly to her delight. The same quiet tide-river, the wind-mill, the fences and meadows were all there, and the same blue, dancing waves and gray Atlantic wastes. But the feeble frame was no longer able to enjoy plunges into the white-crested billows, although the salt sea breezes brought their cheering, strengthening influence.

With the sunset years came increasing tenderness and ever more frequent expressions of motherliness. In meeting, she was quick to respond to testimony or effort, especially from the younger or less experienced Believers. She entered into the spirit and feelings of all, even the

tastes and wishes of the children receiving her careful attention. Very little escaped her notice. Going or coming through the house-door, at the click of the gate-latch, her bright, interested face would be seen at the window. Starting for a ramble, a glance upward would show her faithful eyes following, while a sympathetic wave of the hand and her smile, "the sweetest smile human face ever wore," threw all good fortune and blessing on the path. One writes of "Her watchful care, when any one went away from home, her motherly thought of every need, if any lack for comfort or comeliness, how quick to provide for the need from the best of her own personal supplies! Always present to give the parting word of affection and Godspeed, and, on the return, the welcome greeting, no matter how late the hour or how full had been the day. Others might be preparing the abundant meal, the comfortable room or the song of welcome, but always the mother-heart, as the center of union, most of all contributed the feeling of true home-coming. So kindly faithful was she, also, in writing to absent members, often rising very early for that purpose,—interweaving expressions of affection and soulful thought with such items of home-life as would keep the absent one pleasantly in touch with all its interests, without the feeling that any one would curtail the pleasure or the restfulness of the vacation. In these and countless other ways, she did so much to change what otherwise might have been the tendency to a cold, rigid discipline of institutional life into the warm, genial and attractive atmosphere of a true home."

Often, while she had strength to do so, she would wander out in the nearby fields, enjoying the outing as intensely as once she would have done a much more extended excursion. One summer, when the home pickers reported the mountain blue with berries, she had just begun to get about after a serious illness. The day of

a berry party, she planned to accompany them, kept very still about her plans, and, when the party were nearly all seated, with her one confederate on the alert, she quickly skipped out the door, darted into the wagon and calling, "Good-bye!" to the amazed lookers-on, drove off triumphant. How she enjoyed that day on the mountain! The wagon taking her up as far as possible, the strong arm of her attendant and the glad, loving hearts of her companions making smooth all the rough places, the long, bright hours, the wide, familiar views and the inner scenes of happy memories!

"In all my fifty-six years at Mount Lebanon, I never saw so wonderful a season!" she exclaimed, after spending an October afternoon in 1905, above the ravine, a favorite woodland haunt. The light on the hills, she compared to the Revelator's vision, and the glory was repeated in every nearby bush, aster, or whitened spray of golden-rod. Leaning on her companion's shoulder, she dropped into a light slumber, then awakened to revel in the sights and sounds of these hillside, woodside places, known and loved for over half a century, and to sing, one after another, sweet old songs, to whose inspiration these scenes had given form.

"Oh the Beautiful Hills, where the Blest have trod," she loved to sing when out in sight of the hills. To both, it was a day of vision, like that in Patmos, earth became one with heaven, past toil and future triumph blended, while the feet of many an unseen but not unfelt spirit comrade pressed the soft grass at her side.

Across the way from where she spent so many busy hours at her desk, on the edge of the wood planted by Elder Frederick, grew a hedge of golden-rod. Good Brother Levi, neat and careful, was seen one morning with his scythe busily mowing them down. Up went her window, and, with a cheery greeting and a word of approval for his gift of neatness and order, she begged

that the part of the hedge, opposite her window, might be spared. She loved to look at them, they reminded her of dear Sister Martha, who so loved them and had written a beautiful poem about the golden-rod. With an indulgent smile, the white-haired brother stayed his hand, shouldered his scythe, and the golden-crested flowers lived on, bearing their sunny message to her, year by year. On her last summer, she one day spoke to a friend, the beloved "Sister Annie," of many summer sojourns, of the beauty of that wooded hillside, its lights and shadows the deep, dark caves in its dense foliage, and the bright flowers along the fence, and recited a little poem lately learned, about the golden-rod,

"Bright afterthought of summer,
Flame of the golden noon."

Her memory held many a poetic gem and, even in her 80th year, she easily committed many a poetic passage. Whittier was a great favorite, Father Ryan was another. A poem entitled "Watch" was often upon her lips, and she would hand out its type-written lines to friends, who listened to her recital with deep feeling. Her peculiar gift of recitation, of a deep spiritual rendering of poetic utterances that appealed to her thought or feeling, has opened a new world of vision to many a listener, in lines long familiar. She loved certain hymns. "My latest sun is sinking fast," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Come ye sinners, poor and needy," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Bringing in the Sheaves," which she first heard from the lips of Estelle Hutchinson, were favorites, and she loved to sing them in the twilight, or to hear them sung by the young voices that often sang for her.

She often repeated Sydney Lanier's exquisite "Into the woods my Master went," as expressive of her own feeling in the spirit ministration of the woods. Her love of flowers was remembered by her many friends, the children bringing her the first bright blossoms of the spring

and their floral offerings at all seasons. A certain rose path, the care and pride of one of the sisters, always held for her its first bloom and its last. The last autumn of her stay, it gave her a rose on the very verge of November, and the year after her passing from sight, its blooms were placed daily at her seat at the table, "for Eldress Anna."

At the coming of the summer of 1909, her companion of sixty years, Sister Eliza Rayson, upon whose tried goodness and mighty faith she leaned, suddenly left her. On the Saturday evening, before her brief illness, as she came down stairs, herself quite lame, Eldress Anna was sitting on the sofa in the hall, before going into family meeting. Sister Eliza gave one of her sweet smiles and said, in passing, "Be strong, Eldress Anna, be strong!" These words were often repeated and were the key-note of all her songs of faith and brave endurance in the year and a half that Eldress Anna remained. In the long winter passed in her room with its eastern windows, the wonder grew whether she felt shut in by the tree-clad hill, or if the bare trees seemed dreary. As if she felt the thought, she one day remarked,—"I am so glad I live on this side of the house. I have to look up. If I looked out over the valley, I might be drawn to look down to earth in my feelings, but here, my thought is always lifted up."

"The embodiment of sunshine, sitting in the sun,—thus we shall always think of her," remarked Sister Cecelia DeVere, a few days before she herself followed her beloved Eldress. Her bright, strong intellect, vigorous to the last, her grasp of detail, her illumined vision, made of the room where she sat enthroned in the love of family and friends, a council chamber, whither came burden-bearers from many places, seeking her wisdom and spiritual insight. Children, kneeling at her feet, received her motherly blessing. She had always felt her home to

be the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and she noted and cared for its common blessings, when pain and weakness had made of life a patient overcoming, a silent battle within the soul, whose echoes were heard in songs of unfaltering faith and words of good cheer. One morning, she wrote to her niece,—

"This bright, glorious morning, induced me to do something more than sit in easy chair with folded hands, enjoying nature's bounty to the full, without in some way partaking with others of the rich feast. Imagine the grand old mountains, towering high in the distance, covered with a verdant green carpet, and nearer by, with groves of maple and locust, birch, etc., and cultivated fields of corn, rye, oats, buckwheat. Does it not inspire one to sing of the Beautiful Hills that rise on the evergreen shore? O sing of the beautiful hills, where the weary shall toil no more?

"Nearer by are the gardens, with straight long rows of growing vegetables,—peas as sweet as sugar, beets ditto, lettuce, onions, radishes and spinach, and the rest of the vegetable creation, with fruits of raspberries and currants. No strawberries, this year, of our own raising. Still nearer to us in the dooryard, the velvety lawn, whereon may be seen, of a Tuesday morning, bare-armed sisters, hanging out the family washing, and every afternoon, our four girls, with their croquet set, or, seated in the shade of the horse-chestnut tree, darning stockings, mending clothes, or making little things for the store. This lawn was given to me by Elder Frederick, that is, to look after and keep in order."

All through the long, bright summer days, she enjoyed the lawn and the trees, sitting in her wheeling-chair, or moving about the grounds. Once, caught in the quick, wild rush of a sudden shower, her gleeful laugh and enjoyment of the fun was like a child's.

Her latest song was never sung. Were the lines she

whispered, one night, in the ear of a loved child, saying, "This comes to me in this hour, of which you know nothing," breathing the sense of dependence and rest in the arms everlasting, the song gift that came for her alone? In a vision of the night, she received and gave voice to a message of cheer and encouragement from unseen watchers. After that, there was a subtle but distinct change in her manner. She seemed to wait for the time of earthly suffering to end, as the promise came to her, although she often referred, simply and naturally, to coming days, as if expectant of renewed pleasure in them. She many times repeated the words of her friend, Eldress Mary Ann Gillespie, "I want to live and see the gospel open and the new time come in!" One day, after her practitioner had left her, with encouraging words, she exclaimed brightly, as she was assisted to her couch,—"O we shall see lots of good times, yet!"

How she loved the ninety-first Psalm! On its grand pulsations, she had once been wafted back to our earth-shores. On her last night, in the hours of weariness, it was read to her, with favorite passages from the little book of Mrs. Eddy's, which she loved so well, and her face took on its uplifted look, as she rested again on the word of strength. The December day had been very dark, and, as she felt sight fading, she softly said, "I cannot see! Yea, I know the real sight is here!" Some one asked her how she did, and she replied cheerily, "I am doing well. 'Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need.'" She slipped from the arms that held her as the bright sunshine came pouring over the hill, flooding her room with light.

These chapters from the scattered leaves of her book of earth-life may close with lines from the pages of her note-book, where we saw her, day by day, pencilling them down.

"You may search the whole world over,
Seeking rest and finding none,
Not until the inner temple
Opes its portals, one by one,
Will you find that blessed kingdom
Spoken of by God's dear Son—
Peace and joy will then attend you,
Perfect love cast out all fear,
Truth and faith will guide you ever
To a holier, happier sphere."

"Peace, joy, health and prosperity and Love, which casteth out all fear
Attend you Now and Forevermore. "A. W."

XI

SOUL RELATIONSHIP.

ONE whose advent at Mount Lebanon occurred the day that Eldress Anna took the position of Associate Eldress in the North Family, and who, for more than forty years, was nearer to her in a soul-to-soul relationship than to any other human being, may find it difficult to give any satisfactory testimony to the privilege of those years, because experiences most sacred must ever remain veiled in the silent sanctuary of the soul.

To one capable of receiving an understanding faith in the new life of the Spirit, the initial step from even the sweetest, purest and highest in earthly relationship, over the threshold of the new life, is a most momentous period in the journey of a soul, and she, who, in her own lovely girlhood, while freely sharing the best the world could give, and living to the high standard of righteousness of an earnest Quaker family, yet heard the call

"Come up higher," was especially fitted to echo that call to other souls.

With generous recognition of the good in all religious teachings, encouraging gratitude and reverence to parents and friends who had guided in virtue's path, hers was a sweet persuasiveness to step upon higher ground. First, the understanding must be reached, the mind illumined and reason convinced, then the spiritual germ must be quickened, the heart convicted, the soul baptized.

Types and shadows of ancient Israel, inspired utterances of the prophets and the beautiful teachings of the Christ, all were placed in such harmonious relation, one with the other, as to reveal the grand unity of truth, the goal of all progress. The Scriptures were illumined with deeper spiritual meaning. The sacred day of atonement, when the High Priest laded the iniquities of the people on the scape-goat, to be borne out to the wilderness of forgetfulness, the baptism in Jordan, with that repentance and confession, which was the initial step in entering the Christian life, then the deeper baptism of fire and the Holy Spirit, through which the at-one-ment with God could be realized,—all were presented with such unction as to silence vain sophistry and the pleadings of nature, under the power of conviction, with no alternative but to enter in at "the open door."

No stranger is present to reproach or condemn, but a tender, comprehending friend, touched with a feeling of all human infirmity, renewing the sweet invitation, "Come unto me." Gladly the burden is cast aside, hidden conflicts are made known,—failures, disappointments, remorse, or grief. Surely no human power could bring such deep relief, and there has been no sense of human presence. Through a humble witness, the saving spirit of Christ has been manifest. An aching void is filled, the soul is inspired with more definite purpose, stronger resolve and truer ideals. The good of the past is gath-

ered up to be builded into the structure of the new life.

Do some query whether it is possible to develop freely and deeply the highest functions of womanhood without experiencing maternity on the plane of nature? Eldress Anna was richly endowed with maternal sentiments. Beautiful type of virgin Motherhood! But hers was the travail to bring souls into the second birth. For this, how earnestly she labored. With what care and constancy, the germ of this new life was watched and nurtured, only those who have shared her devoted care and witnessed its manifestation to other hearts can fully appreciate.

That deep reverence for truth which was fundamental in her nature made fertile the soil alike for strongest virtues and tenderest graces. Her testimony, keen and searching, was a quickening power. Her correction or reproof, never in a critical, fault-finding spirit, was frank and dignified, as heart speaking to heart in that sincere friendship, which sought only to render helpful service. Never were tones more tenderly pleading, more vibrant with love, than those which called the soul home to repentance, to deeper baptism, to renewed consecration, to holier living. Those in earnest for self-conquest and spiritual attainment, in joy and gratitude could kiss the rod and feel anew the blessed Presence on the Mount of Olives or in the soul's Gethsemane. Where responsiveness was reluctant, little faith existed, or, for the time being was overshadowed, was manifest the greatest patience, the long-suffering and constancy of a true mother-love for the feeble or delinquent child.

When one, who had long required special consideration, seemed only to render ingratitude, misconceiving and harshly criticizing motives, resisting tenderest appeals and even maligning, still, with exhaustless patience, with fathomless maternal love, Eldress Anna was making new efforts to win the erring one. A sister said, "Eldress Anna, why continue to do so much for one so ungrateful, so

bitter and in every way so unworthy of your love? Surely you might feel that in her case the full measure of your duty has been done. Why not leave her to bear the weight of her own wrong till she comes to her right mind?"

Eldress Anna replied,—"Her wrong cannot hurt me, and if it could, that should make no difference in my efforts in her behalf. There can be no limit to my duty in reclaiming or helping any soul whom my influence can reach. When anyone is under a shadow, then most a true friend is needed. When most unlovely, the greatest need for love to uplift and restore to the true self,—the child of God."

In reference to all temporal duties, Eldress Anna's teachings embodied the precept of our Founder, "Lift hands to work and hearts to God." Herself energetic and unusually skillful, leaving the stamp of honor and artistic sentiment on whatever her hands found to do, she was patient and generously lenient with those less gifted. The motives which prompted, the efforts made, the spirit of consecration, were the important factors, the imperishable qualities.

As a temple of the soul and instrument of its expression in this world, the physical body should be judiciously cared for, a balance maintained conducive to highest service. Soul and body are interdependent. Only as labor or anything of the sense life contributed to the immortal, could it be of true value. Spiritual activities alone were vital. That these teachings had been essentially a part of her own life was wonderfully evinced in the years of her physical decline. Peculiarly appropriate to her, the stanza—

> "How happy that immortal mind,
> That rests beneath Jehovah's wings,
> Who sweet employment there can find,
> Without the help of earthly things."

It is the immortal mind that comprehendeth the things of the spirit. Unusually free of limb and clear of vision, she who had been so active in varied temporal cares and with increasing demands upon her rarely gifted pen, seemed never to forget the injunction, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." During the long months when vision was veiled and limbs had lost their power, did she cease to be busy? Ah, nay! While yet clothed with the mortal, she rested beneath Jehovah's wings. In her heart was a heavenly peace and glad song of triumph. She had risen above the things of sense into the realm of spirit, where her strong soul communed with higher powers, received and dispensed the bread and waters of life—a veritable substance. Many outside of our borders realized this and would come tedious journeys for the privilege of sitting a few moments in the sunlight of her presence, always feeling refreshed and uplifted, and, as one expressed it, "enveloped in that mighty power of love which like a sacred chrism flowed to her garment's hem."

Eldress M. Catherine Allen,
Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

OUR ELDRESS ANNA.

We'd stood so long at the portal,
  Had watched from day to day,
The wearing away of the mortal,
  The weakening of the sway
Of the flesh o'er mind and spirit,
  Till they rose on victor wings,
And the frailties all inherit
  Flung aside as useless things,—

But a step, a breath, a whisper
  Seemed between her and the call

Of the kind and patient angel
  Who smiling waits for all,—
Yet our hearts sank low in sorrow,
  When they said the change had come,—
Ah! tomorrow and tomorrow
  Without her in the home!

For she had a loving interest
  In our work and in our ways,—
Was so slow to judge the lapses
  And so ready with her praise!
Soon her room became a temple,
  And her chair a holy shrine,
Where each day her dauntless spirit
  Pressed more near to the Divine.

But the shrine, alas! is empty,
  And the curtain fallen low!
For the frail white form is lying
  'Neath the scarcely whiter snow,—
Had it only been in summer,
  When the lilies, tall and fair,
And the roses sent their perfume
  Pulsing through the crystal air!

Or in springtime's resurrection
  When the days grow bright and long,
Sweetened by the pink arbutus,
  Quickened by the robin's song!—
Well she loved the birds and flowers,
  Grey old hills in golden dreams,
Skies in ever-changing splendor,
  Swaying trees and singing streams.

Does it matter when the mantle
  Frayed by pain is laid away?

Shall we mourn when our dim twilight
Is the dawning of her day?
Though the mists of that strange dawning
Hide her from us for awhile,
We shall meet another morning,
Feel her love and see her smile.

Grace Ada Brown,
Mount Lebanon.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

Although the visible presence of our beloved Eldress Anna is no longer with us, yet we know her spirit hovers near to minister its treasures of life, strength and encouragement to her children. None knew our needs better than she, who was from early womanhood devotedly identified with them. In her we still trust. To her, our dearest, sweetest affections flow like the waves of the sea. I love to dwell on the great worth of her character. Sixty years ago, when I entered the North Family, a little girl of nine years, it was my good fortune to be placed under her immediate charge, and the love that I gained for her has grown and increased with the years. During all that time, I have never known Eldress Anna to bring up or refer to a fault or error that has been put away according to the teaching of our gospel faith. And now it is a consolation to look over our life path and see that no shadow from her or no drop of bitterness fell into my heart. Her love for souls was too great to leave it possible for aught that could hurt the "oil or wine" to find even a thoughtless manifestation. She went to her duties, as the farmer goes to the soil, determined zealously to get the best. She met the truth in the same spirit. To her it was the real substance, the gift of God, to be accepted as it was by herself, and then in ringing tones given out to

the multitudes, no matter how adverse that multitude might be.

Yea, she would fearlessly have walked into the furnace,—into the martyr's fire, rather than shrink from bearing the testimony of her divine faith. Her yea was yea and her nay, nay, for whatever was more than these she considered came from evil, was subterfuge, which is always sin before the angels. She was an example, a guide, and her memory will be a lamp, that our blessing shall keep bright as we follow on to her eternal home.

ANN OFFORD,
Mount Lebanon.

Eldress Anna took me as her child when I first came to her, a girl of thirteen, and she was always a true Mother to me. She would seem to know when anyone was in trouble. At one time, I was feeling very unpleasant and unhappy, and was trying to cover the feeling from everyone. I had not been near Eldress Anna, but she called me and asked, "What is the matter, Martha?" Her mother heart and spiritual intuition had found me and all was well. In taking care of children for over thirty years, I would often be discouraged or become impatient. But she would say, "Martha, they are all God's children. They all have souls and are pleasing in God's sight. Do by them as if you were responsible for what they would be. The more difficult a child is, the more it needs you to pray for its salvation. Remember how you have been helped, and give to the little ones what you have received."

I was naturally somewhat clairvoyant and would often see or hear things that I did not understand. I would go to Eldress Anna with what I had received in this way, and she always knew what it meant, but, in her wisdom and childlike spirit, she would often give me a word of counsel, or say, "If there is anything more, I would be glad to know."

While strong, firm and determined, she was so sympathetic and affectionate, that if any of her household were absent from home, she would be the last at night and the first in the morning to think of the absent one and send a loving thought of greeting or protection about that one. At one time, I was absent from home for several months, and when I returned, for several days, she would often exclaim, "Sister Sarah, do you know that Martha is at home?" This mother heart, full of love for all God's children and for all souls because they are God's children, is a rich atmosphere in which to live and grow, and a rich inheritance for the lives in her home. Now,

Gone away from human sight,
To diviner life and light,
Is our Mother.

No need we for woe or weeping,
She is safe within the keeping
Of Another.

Though our vision may be clouded,
And our faith a moment shrouded
In the dust,

Soon we see 'tis His good pleasure
To hold in trust our treasure,
And we trust.

We feel joy and a sacred pride in the memory of her courage, her heroic leadership. Our Mother was indeed the bravest of the brave. Whenever there was an important matter to be handled, a crisis to be faced, she, our Captain, was first in the battle, until the right must and did prevail. Many a time, have we heard her give

a trumpet call, and the hosts of Israel would listen, spell-bound. We have heard her repeat Lowell's lines,—

"Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne.
But that scaffold sways the future, and within the dim unknown
Standeth God among the shadows, keeping watch above His own,"

with such power as to rouse to instant action all the best there was in us. We trusted in her sense of right, of justice, honor and truth, and to-day, while keenly alive to our responsibility to hold up our high standard and make no compromise with evil, feeling that we are stronger in God than we have ever been, we carry in our thought and purpose the lesson of her own beautiful hymn,

"When the ancients of the city pass away,
Who will keep the testimony burning bright?
Who will hold the virgin standard snowy white,
Like the saints who've gone before us in our day?

"O Israel of God, awake! arise!
Renew the covenants and counsels seek,
So will thy God a precious remnant keep,
To bless the earth and render to Him praise."

MARTHA BURGER,
Mount Lebanon.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me by the side of still waters. He restoreth my soul. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

It is not death that is the mystery, it is life. Life that begins in the silence and goes out into the silence—the

dim unknown. We do not think that nature has made some terrible mistake when the flower that has flung its fragrance on the summer air, touched by the autumn frosts, shrivels and dies and silently slips away. So it is when death comes to claim old age, a well-ripened, fruit-laden life. The hands are at rest, having wrought their tasks and gathered into the heavenly garners the fruits of a well-spent life. As the frosts of winter settle down, and the evening twilight deepens, it is then that Death is the beautiful angel to open the gates to Immortality. We do not grieve as those bereft of hope, for we know that this life which has just passed from our mortal vision, though earth may claim its own, is ripe for the heavenly garners.

The spirit of consecration to God, of devotion to duty, of noble self-sacrifice, of high purity of soul and of holy aspiration; these are the fruit of the spirit, the real things that never die. Her spirit still lingers with us, in the words of power that fell from her lips, the deeds of love wrought by her hands, and the songs, that held the bread and waters of life that welled up from her heart to refresh and sustain, may be ours forever. We thank thee, dear one, for the inspiration of thy beautiful life, so full, so rich and so ripe, and may thy benediction rest over us always!

ANNIE ROSETTA STEPHENS,

Mount Lebanon.

I hold in loving remembrance the lifework of Eldress Anna. Only a short decade it has been my privilege to know her. I loved her for her high qualities and holy aspirations, her readiness to give the helping hand, and her desire for progress in everything pertaining to the elevation of the race. It has been said that the measure of a career is determined by three things. First, the talent that ancestry gives; secondly, the opportunity that

events offer; and thirdly, the movements that the mind and will conceive and compel. Doubtless, for Eldress Anna, ancestry bestowed rare gifts. Neither was opportunity lacking in the era which marked her entrance into the Society which was engaged in Christian reform. Every day was an event filled with opportunity to do good to humanity. Finally, her mind, so richly endowed, found ample scope in promulgating the doctrines of the Shaker Order, which was the choice of her life,—its talents, position, wealth and beauty, all given as the crowning glory to the Christ whose voice bade her adhere to principle, choose service, rather than selfishness, ease and luxury. She will long be remembered for her loving words and kind advice.

SARAH MAZELLA GALLUP,
Mount Lebanon.

TO ELDRESS ANNA.

Through all the suns and shades of years,
We cherish some sweet thought,
And as the tide of life flows out,
We trace what this has wrought.

And thinking thus there comes to me
From out the mist tonight
A face, whose soul imprint is truth,
The truth that loved the light.

Near to that face, dear one, I'd come,
In prayer, join hand and hands,
That He who gives and He who takes
Stronger may make our bands.

And though a wall has just loomed up,
That screens you from my sight,

I know some day you'll lay it down,
And show to me your light.

This happy thought I'll cherish, dear,
That you sometimes are nigh,
So as the dawn begins to break,
I'll breathe a short good-bye.

LOTTIE.

Only beautiful memories like links in a jewelled chain are those which have connected my life with that of dear Eldress Anna. At our first meeting, in the summer of 1849, we clasped hands and loved each other in friendship true and sweet, for instinctively we realized a kindred tie.

We loved not only to walk together through field and wood, over hill and dale, where nature's beauties lured on our willing feet; still more we loved the sweet Shaker life and together early gave our pledge of Consecration.

In the higher spiritual life we grasped an ideal, to follow which called forth all that was truest and noblest in our souls. How pleasant now to lift the veil of years and from the summit attained, trace the pathway of life's experiences. Whether through valley, up rugged steeps, wintry storms or sunlit skies, one precious faith has shone undimmed within our hearts.

Though early separated by my removal to the Church Family, we have often met and lived over again our early days. Burdens were dropped and we were the same loving companions, stronger and richer in the wealth the years had brought us. As here we loved to sit beside the still waters in restful soul communion, "Only a little while," and, in the words of one of Eldress Anna's inspired songs, "We shall meet, we shall meet."

ANN MARIA GREAVES,
Mount Lebanon.

FROM CANTERBURY, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

"I am a companion of all them that fear thee and of them that keep thy precepts." Psalms CXIX, 63.

My last visit with Eldress Anna, in 1909, left a very pleasant memory. Though she was physically feeble, her mind was as active as ever, and through its strong current she was allied with the powers that never die. The change from this life to the realms of light in her case must have been like but the passing of a moment. Eternal life with her was a present reality; she was in the Kingdom of Heaven here, and its laws ruled her as a willing subject. She ministered wisdom from above to those who sought guidance, for beyond her in the treasure land of God her heart had centered its affections, hence her supplies were inexhaustible.

Now that she has passed over the "Divide," how she will be missed—the ever ready helper in times of trouble! The loved ones of her immediate home circle, who have witnessed the lamp of life flicker and grow dim through the passing months, may have steeled their hearts to meet the inevitable. My sympathies encompass the bereaved ones who still bear life's burdens, and every breath is a prayer that her mantle of strength and persistent Christian endeavor may rest upon them, and the beautiful presence which has been the guiding star of home for many years, so abide that none will feel the friendship severed or the mother heart withdrawn.

LUCY A. SHEPHERD.

"Like the sweet breath of the morning
Cometh the love of kindred souls;
No distance, no valley or mountain
Impedeth its course, as onward it rolls."

The lines readily occur to mind as we offer tribute

before a long and well-spent life. Eldress Anna was known and loved throughout Zion. Her untiring faithfulness, her interest in the welfare of all our gospel homes, has helped to form the bond of fellowship between us, which distance cannot sever.

We feel that we know how to love and sympathize with the bereaved household at Mount Lebanon. Only a few years ago, we passed through a similar ordeal, when our beloved leaders were removed from this sphere of usefulness to the life beyond. In this connection we sometimes hear the expression, "Our loss is their gain;" but experience bears us out in saying that losing the towering strength and protectionary influence of consecrated lives may result in a deeper, broader growth in the succeeding generations. Almost unawares Christian manhood and womanhood rise to the emergency, and in the strife to maintain gospel principles for the sake of those we "loved long since and lost awhile," a foothold is gained in integrity, and an ability unfolded commensurate with the needs of the day.

So, dear friends, while we extend to you our heartfelt sympathy in the withdrawal of dear Eldress Anna, we clasp hands in the pledge that the God of our Fathers shall be our God, and their interests our care.

ELIZABETH STIRLING.

Dear Eldress Anna has—shall we say finished?—her work with her people. We know that the soul still lives. She has been one of earth's conquerors; by the ruling of her own spirit she became greater than "he that taketh a city."

Months had lengthened into years since first we heard the whispered fears of her transition; and we had almost forgotten the monition, so beautifully did her life lamp burn low. But the angels did not forget, nor did they

miss the "shining mark." Quietly she glided from the "Twilight Land" into the "City of the Dawn."

Having received from nature a fund of intellectual power sufficient to carry out her ideals on the moral plane, she nevertheless responded cheerfully to the call: "Go, work in My vineyard," entering with her whole heart into the service. All that constituted a home of luxury and pleasure on the natural plane she resigned, without questioning her reward. Wisely she filled her measure with fruits of honest labor, cheerfully sharing her garnered wealth with all who were bidden into the same vineyard. Whether entering at the first or at the eleventh hour, all were equally worthy to her; and never a murmur escaped her against the Husbandman. Her sweet submission and patience to what her conscience urged as duty marked the years, as they glided by, with a richness and a brightness all their own. Out of sympathy for humanity, she opened the door of her heart and gave to all love and confidence. She kept ajar the portals of home, clothed, fed, sheltered all who approached, gracefully ministering to the need, whether physical, mental, moral or spiritual, in its bearing.

Her spirit outgrew the old theory of God's eternal punishments and in its place a soulful affection and tenderness drew her life toward "Our Father which art in Heaven;" and in this spirit she sought to minister to all who were her brothers and sisters under the divine parentage. Her religious fervor was so sincere that it took deeper and deeper root, broadening into an abiding peace-evidence of the divine power that creates a new heart,—and little of the old dross remained, that so often mars the likeness of the spirit.

Advancing years brought their burdens and changes, but our sister matured toward her gospel mission. She had invited the molding of the Great Potter, and submissively bent her will to the discipline, that evolved the beautiful

symmetry of her declining years. With life's lessons well learned and her name on the angels' roll of honor, her sun has set in a halo of glory.

HARRIET A. JOHNS.

IN LOVING MEMORY.

We had the privilege of meeting Eldress Anna in our home at East Canterbury for the first time, many years ago. She then impressed us as one of the rare women of earth, endowed with superior abilities and with a prepossessing personality; can the finite mind estimate the power for good of such a life, sanctified and consecrated to the Christian Ministry? If not, it fails to do justice to the influence exerted by our Eldress Anna.

Within a wide circle of acquaintance, our beloved sister was deeply appreciated. By her, as a teacher gifted in spiritual ministration, souls seeking the Christ-life were clothed, fed and blest by her wealth of truth; and along the highway of life hers was "The song that had no end." Although the "wideness" of her sympathies reached into many of the philanthropic movements of her day, she sought no rank among the great ones of earth. She had hidden her "life with Christ in God," and in the sanctity of home is best chronicled the beautiful life whose history is as a "song without words." Richly and truly has she held her place among the

"Good women who are sentinels
In the darkness of earth's night,
Who hold with stout hearts silently
Life's outposts toward the light;
And at God Almighty's roll call
'Mong the hosts that answer 'Here,'
The voices of good women
Sound strong and sweet and clear."

Many casual acquaintances fade from memory, but the stars of first magnitude gleam with a clear steady light in the zenith of our mental vision shedding beams upon the lesser lights, as though connecting with the "light of lights" in the vast beyond. Even so the beautiful life of Eldress Anna, like the polar star, can never set below our horizon. The evolutions of time only serve to lengthen and strengthen its rays, ever pointing upward and onward to higher spiritual progression. In the courts of Heaven a beautiful mansion has been reared, we believe, as a counterpart of the earthly temple so perfectly adjusted to the higher law; and the risen spirit will doubtless be perfectly at home with the exalted souls of the Resurrection Heavens. Having found "the new heaven and the new earth" before the spirit's departure from the tenement of clay, having risen as an overcomer and touched with the "four and forty thousand" the harp strings of heaven, responsive with the "song of the redeemed," we are assured this purified soul will find the "white stone," "the new name." Would it not be fitting should this angel minister address those who are on the battle-field to-day in the words of her own inspirational hymn of years gone by:

"When the ancients of the city pass away,
Who will keep the testimony burning bright?
Who will hold the virgin banner snowy white
As those who've gone before us in our day?"

As the "voice of many waters" let the Millennial Church respond,

"My right hand forget her cunning,
And my tongue should speak no more,
Jerusalem, should I forsake thee,
And Zion's God fail to adore."

SARAH F. WILSON.

1831—1910.

The Quaker of old thus outlined the true philosophy of life: "I expect to pass through this world but once! If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:

> What I spent, I had;
> What I saved, I left behind;
> What I gave away, I took with me."

Had our sainted Eldress Anna, at the opening of her beautiful life, engraved these lines on its archway, she could not, perhaps, better have worded the formula she has followed so faithfully. As her visible presence slips gently away from those who have lived within the radius of her influence so many years, it is a real happiness to us to add our touch to the seal of satisfaction, already set by approving hands.

We look back to cull from the page of history choice words of expectancy from wise gospel mothers, who held them as an attainable crown of glory over her early footprints. How beautiful the words: "This child is an Israelite indeed!" Uttered by Mother Lucy Miller, of Hancock, Massachusetts, the remark cast a halo over the infancy of Eldress Anna. Years after, in 1849, at the outset of her spiritual journey, came the prophecy from Eldress Ruth Landon, couched in the words addressed directly to the young woman, "If you are faithful, I can promise you all the tribulation you can endure; but you will always find strength to endure it."

Time passed on, and hushed the impressive voices. The soul of the brave-hearted youth came in touch with the processes of God. She essayed the work of Christ

at an age of discretion. She learned the terms of salvation and with them faced the objector within. She "counted the cost," and armed with deep conviction, voluntarily committed her all to the leadings of Christ.

Had she faltered in the desert, had she flinched in the furnace, had she weakly succumbed to the trivial suggestions of the mind, angel hands could not to-day enrich her, as they do, with the "white stone" of victory. But *she stood,* and "having done all" she stood! Many fell right and left, many wearied in the furrow; but like a streak of Eternity's own light, she has penetrated and mastered the problems of Time. She takes her place with the triumphant, and, through all the ages, from her life memoirs will rise courage for the faltering, strength and confirmation for the true-hearted, and a sermon that "all who run may read."

Inscribed to the memory of beloved Eldress Anna, and as a token of fidelity to the cause she loved, by

One of her many sisters,

JESSIE EVANS.

FROM THE LEADERS AT ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

She is worthy, as the product of our faith and life, of our ever-enduring praise and exemplification. She was a sister of rare courage and ability, of lofty ideals, a heart and mind devoted and consecrated to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the whole human race. We love her as a mother, bless her as an inspirer, thank her for our increase and rejoice in her reward. We sympathize with you in her loss, Elder Daniel, and trust you may be blessed with such help as you need in this crisis to sustain and guide the family.

Yours in the faith and in love,

Your brother, WALTER SHEPHERD.

A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

One by one, our loved ones are taken from us by the relentless hand of death. I believe that to those who are living pure lives and who stand in justification before God and the whole world, death has no terrors. This we can truly say was the case with our dear Mother, Eldress Anna. She was a brave soldier of the cross, never flinching at trials. She would stand for what she knew was right, boldly testifying to the truth, no matter what it cost. I have known our Mother for many years, and to say I loved her, but feebly expresses my meaning.

From February, 1882, I was in close touch with Eldress Anna, as my Eldress and adviser. I can exclaim, O the pleasure of a dear spiritual Mother, one with whom I could speak fearlessly on any subject; with whom the simplest as well as the deepest thoughts of my heart could flow out simply and safely! She is one of the many mothers in Israel, administering strength to the weak and courage to the strong; to the erring, her charity was unbounded. Our little family are greatly indebted to Eldress Anna for her tender care over us. It was a great trial to the dear Mother, when, in 1897, we were called to leave our little home in Canaan and come to Enfield. I do not think that she ever quite got over it. Now, she has dropped the mortal for the immortal, and soars over mountains and valleys, sees all her children and gives us strength to surmount all the ills of life. Our Mother gone? Nay! She hovers round us, when we know it not.

Miriam Offord.

I have been acquainted with our beloved Mother many years, and always found her the same gentle spirit, blest with a love for that which is good, just and true. She was wise in counsel and could be approached by anyone,

who sought her advice in things temporal or spiritual, and, after leaving her presence, one always felt blessed by the intercourse.

While living at the North Family, I had many opportunities to notice how she met brethren and sisters, always with a pleasantness that would put the brother or sister at rest. In spiritual matters, she had no superior in wisdom in admonishing and counseling souls. Her life work has been one continual effort to raise souls from the natural to the spiritual heavens; to this end she has given her all—body, soul and spirit; and now, she has gone home to the mansions above, where are the loved ones who preceded her, who waited for and escorted her to a home of rest. Do we miss her? Ah! Zion misses her very much, but we must bow to the inevitable. All must pass the same way to the happy beyond; therefore, do not let us mourn for the departed. She is not dead, but living; she put on the whole armor of God, and the result is she has gone to her blessed reward. Let us all strive to attain the same height of spirituality, and when we leave this mortal sphere, what a happy meeting we shall have! Your brother,

GEORGE W. CLARK.

We send heartfelt sympathy in this bereavement, we mutually and deeply grieve. I loved Eldress Anna from the first time I met her. I always felt such a motherly feeling, her presence was heavenly. All Zion will miss her. I pray that the comforting angels will minister to the sorrowing household. Eldress Anna will not be far away, but ever near to bless her people with beautiful ministrations. We are one in spirit. May God strengthen you is the prayer of your sister, Annie Case. Eldress Rosetta joins in love and sympathy.

From Watervliet.

XII

IN MEMORIAM.

IT is hard to speak of the friend so lately gone from us in terms of personal detachment so tender are the recollections that rise with every thought of her, so vivid and compelling was her personality.

Yet sometimes when death has set apart one with whom we have long lived in daily intimacy, we seek to separate our friend from the confusion of the merely trivial and accidental, to find some distinguishing trait or quality which can give the keynote for the complete harmony of the character. So, thinking of Eldress Anna White to-day, the word which comes to me as most inclusive is *consecration.* She had early heard the call of the spirit, and in obedience to that call, lay for her the solution of the problem of life. Henceforth there was no faltering or regret,—no shrinking from sacrifice, or responsibility, only a daily consecration, a long life of devotion to an ideal.

Always loyal to the faith and traditions of her Order she saw life too sanely to ask for them universal acceptance. In her generous spirit there was no room for egotism or bitterness, so she antagonized none, but with loving service ministered to all who sought her aid; and in that quiet room on the hillside many sorrows were comforted, wise counsels given, courage and hope strengthened and deepened.

Her own sorrows were many and sharp, for the path in which her feet were set was often rough, and her physical strength never great, but in her patient acceptance of whatever came, was the acquiescence of a deeply religious nature with an abiding confidence in the power and permanence of good as a force in human affairs. We feel this note of an exultant faith in her inspirational

hymns which were many and always joyous. Hers was a happy nature, glad to be alive, loving the changing beauty of the hills, the coming of the birds and blossoming trees, the autumn glow and color and the weird splendor of winter snows. To those who knew her best she seemed always to dwell in the peace of a faith clear and strong for she had "mastered the secret of serenity."

What can I say of Eldress Anna the beloved friend of many years! How speak of the ready kindness, the unfailing sympathy, of the keen intelligence and sense of humor which made her the most charming and inspiring of companions, or of the tenderness of heart which so easily won love, and in joy or sorrow made friends her consolation and her delight. For those who had the privilege of Eldress Anna's friendship no words of mine are needed, for through the gloom of loss and the loneliness of the travail shines the serene beauty of a sweet gracious unselfish life spent freely and gladly in the service of others.

We know the closing years brought much suffering, and the weariness of great weakness, all borne with patience and fortitude, and we can well believe that death was for her,

"Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light—that shone through its transparent walls."

ANNIE M. MOODY,
Malden, Mass.

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep, turns again home!" I can truthfully say of Eldress Anna White, whose earthly life ended at Mount Lebanon, New York, on December 16th, 1910, that she was one of the finest and truest women that it has ever been my lot to know. Coming among Shakers in early life, she had

been a member of the North Family for more than sixty years, and during this long period, she had always been most loyal to her faith, her home and her friends.

Living what most people would consider a secluded life, especially in her earlier years, she had yet never become narrow-minded, but on the contrary, had always taken a keen interest in all good causes, and in all movements for the advancement of mankind. Stern in her devotion to principle, and wise in counsel, she was yet ever full of kindness and charity for individuals, and ever ready to forgive and help those who had erred, and who sought to turn from wrong-doing and to walk in the path of right.

Taken altogether, Anna White was a rare and beautiful character, and I shall ever esteem it one of the great privileges of my life that I knew her and enjoyed the delightful pleasure of her friendship for more than twelve years.

Roger W. Montgomery,
Cambridge, Mass.

Life and death, like sunshine and shadows, are waves upon the measureless ocean of existence and all in their time and turn are equally beautiful. Philosophically considered, there is no death—no real annihilation. What we call death is but transition into higher states of conscious existence.

It is reported that the illustrious John Quincy Adams, only a few months before his death, when inquired of after his health, replied: "Adams himself is quite well, but the house in which he lives at present is becoming quite dilapidated; time and the changing seasons have very much shattered it, so that it is almost tenantless; and I think that soon, John Quincy Adams will move out of it; yet he himself, the inmost spirit, is well—very well."

There is much wisdom embodied in the above lines. Adams, the real conscious inmost, as a spirit, was very well; the spirit is never sick. It is the undying God-Principle within the human form. And this forcibly reminds me of the meeting of dear Eldress Anna White the last time. She was well—quite well and very cheerful; her eye was bright, her nerve steady, her voice clear and her mental faculties brilliant as when I first met her in that lovely Mount Zion Shaker Home. This was something like a quarter of a century ago when I first met her in company with Elder Frederick Evans and other inspired souls. But the house, the frail tabernacle that she dwelt in when I last saw her, was much impaired by a long life of service for others' good.

This great, throbbing, selfish, material world has had but few such unselfish spiritual mothers, such spiritual sisters and beneficent friends as Eldress Anna. She seemed consciously and persistently to realize that, as she was to pass through this world but once, it was all-important that she should speak every good word, plan every good movement and perform every possible kindness now—now in the living present; and so her calm, sweet, pure life was a purposed and constant sacrifice for others' good. Such, when resting from their earthly labors, go to the rest of a more active life in the heavens. Long before her departure for the heavenly realms of peace and progress, the angels of the regeneration had written upon her forehead in letters of fadeless light the words, Pure, True and Faithful.

Early in her mortal life, afire with a love of purity and truth, she became a Shaker—a word used in derision as was the word Quaker and the word Christian—from principle—a principle spiritually permeating her whole being, enabling her to walk day by day in the newness of the resurrection—in the brightness of that light which illumined the soul of Mother Ann Lee, the parallel pro-

phetess of the prophet of Nazareth—positive and negative—wisdom and love, ideals of what the world is ultimately to become—a saved world.

Nations may rise and fall, rocks crumble to dust and suns set, but the principles of Shakerism will work their way and gradually, noiselessly, divinely awaken thought, arouse research and so kindle the invisible forces of the soul as to purge, purify, uplift and redeem the world of mankind. God is in the world and exalted angels continue to minister to mortals. And so, no truth ever did or can perish. Peace to the dust of our sainted Eldress Anna and joy unspeakable to her exalted and beautiful spirit.

J. M. Peebles, M.D.,
Los Angeles, California.

My Dear Friends:

About nine years ago, I began to come to your Family through our good friends the Clymers. I have found rest and peace and help whenever it has been possible to come here. It is true that we do not see Eldress Anna White in the flesh here to-day, but in the larger sense there is no death. About twelve years ago, my own father passed out of this world, but I was thinking only a few days ago how much better I knew him and loved him to-day than I did at that time, because as I have been working out a man's problem, I understand and know him better. So I believe with succeeding years, you will become better acquainted with this noble woman and her unselfish work.

All over the world, men are spending their time accumulating money or a business, or a name which they can leave as a bequest to others. In the larger number of cases, even under the best possible conditions, such an inheritance proves a handicap and a curse to those who receive it. The inheritance that our friend has left to-

day, through her years of work in the vineyard of the Master, wont harm anybody, wont handicap them for their work, but will be an inspiration and a power to all who have ever known her.

Though she lived here so many years midst these quiet surroundings, yet she knew personally people all over the world, she was thoroughly in touch with everything going on in the world, alert to every new movement, she had a refreshing sense of humor and an abundance of tact that made her one of the strongest characters I have ever known. Only two weeks ago, I saw her here and she was filled with optimism, interested in what was going on along the line of Civic Righteousness, and her last words to me were those of encouragement and help. In closing I would like to use the following:

"The man who takes his stand with God,
Forgetting things that are behind,
Determined not to flinch or fall
Upon his purpose well-defined,
Will find the pathway God has planned
Is strewn with flowers by human hand."

GEORGE H. COOPER,
Pittsfield, Mass.

I desire to express to you and your esteemed family my sincere sympathy over the irreparable loss you have sustained in the departure of Eldress Anna. Bear with me when I state that the loss extends beyond you and the confines of your community. The life of such a sister adorns the highest type of womanhood. She was a most remarkable woman and possessed with a deep and penetrating mind, and would have been a commanding figure for the betterment of the world in any of the conditions of life. In the government of the family according to the rules and regulations of the Order, she

had no superior. Time will recognize the fact that as a writer or author she was endowed with rare gifts. Everywhere her influence was exerted for good. I can but think that the world will be better for the ministrations she so carefully exerted. Every just mind that knew of her worth will pay tribute to her memory.

Believe me, Yours sincerely,

J. P. MacLean,
Franklin, Ohio.

It was one of my proudest thoughts that Eldress Anna White placed me among her friends. She was one of those rare Souls that pass through this world seemingly uninfluenced by its sins and sorrows. She developed to a wonderful degree her love and sympathy for mankind, her trust in God and future life. So spiritual she became that it appeared she must see and be in touch with those of Heaven. It was a benediction to know her, and to those who did, her life will have been a blessing forever.

John H. Shipway,
Noroton, Connecticut.

An Appreciation.

It is an inestimable privilege to be brought in touch with a great soul! No one could stand in the presence of Eldress Anna White and not feel the uplifting influence of the contact with one of the great women of the Century. I always recall my acquaintance with Eldress Anna as one of the inspirations of my life. Others will tell of her wonderful business ability and clear oversight in matters pertaining to her Order, but I want specially to mention a little incident in her life which I had the privilege of sharing. It stands out in my memory as one of those clear-cut incidents that pass in a moment but make a most lasting impression.

It was upon the occasion of her visit to President Roosevelt at the White House, to present the Peace Resolutions which had been adopted at New Lebanon the previous summer.

Eldress Anna had written to me to ask if I would arrange for the meeting with the President. I was very glad indeed to do so. At the appointed time Eldress Anna, Sister Sarah Burger, Mrs. J. B. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. William Barnes of Albany and myself were admitted into the Cabinet Room, where we awaited the President.

The room was full of men of National reputation, well-known figures stood in groups here and there whispering in awed tones. The chamber itself is awe-inspiring. As you look at the heavy mahogany table, surrounded by massive chairs, and realize that here on cabinet days are settled the great questions which are of so paramount importance not only to the people of the United States, but to the world; that in the adjoining room sits the President of the United States, with such unlimited power in his hands, representing the people of this great Country, you cannot help but be somewhat overwhelmed by the atmosphere. But there was one figure in that assembly, whose spirit never quailed and whose heart never beat one stroke faster because she stood in the presence of this embodiment of earthly power. She had faced the eternal verities of life so long, and with her clear analytical mind she had pierced the shams and sophistries of systems so unerringly, that she saw only The Eternal, whether visualized in the presence of a cabinet officer or even the President of the United States.

In a moment the massive folding doors swung open and stepping with brisk, decisive steps the President stood before us. I presented Eldress Anna to the President. He extended his hand, his face beaming with interest and pleasure, and in a most hearty manner welcomed her in the name of the people she represented. He spoke

a few well-chosen words of praise of what the Shakers had accomplished. I shall never forget her reply. She stood before him gowned in her little grey dress, the embodiment of self-possession and in an even, well-modulated voice replied: "I thank thee, friend Theodore!" So gentle and sweet yet strong was her voice that everybody in the room heard it and all gazed in amazement. Many present had seen the scions of royalty presented to the President, had seen committees representing every phase of commercial, social and political life of the country, but never before had they seen *one* person, upheld only by the proper appreciation of her own value as an immortal soul and as a child of God, which gave her the right to stand unabashed in the presence of any man whatever the adventitious circumstances which surrounded him might be. It was a lesson in the value and dignity of Humanity that no one could ever forget. I count it not only one of the greatest privileges of my life to have known Eldress Anna, but also one of the greatest educational factors that it has ever been my privilege to enjoy.

Kate Waller Barrett.

The average excellence of the majority, "silent" to human ears, has gained by the acquisition of Eldress Anna's choice spirit. Fitting faith in our supremely benevolent Father, forbids us to mourn, except to the extent that our weakness permits or necessitates. Her bodily presence, appreciable to our senses, is lost to us. If, however, we have profited as we ought, and believe we have, from intimate association with her, her beneficent spirit is still with us. Even as her spirit was not created when her body was born, so it has not ceased to live, even here, although its envelope has changed its function. Many are now more spiritual than we should have been but for the influence of her spirit upon ours. We may

help show our appreciation of truth, increased by sharing her spirit while it was still embodied, if we prove our belief that that spirit has been freed, rather than limited in influence, by losing the trammels of an attendant body. Her liberality of opinion and benevolent altruism, manifest in thoughts, words and deeds, augment the endearment to us of those cherished qualities, admirable however largely viewed. Her choice of a single item of her faith, as preferable to worldly wealth, when she might have either, but not both, amply attested the keenness of her vision, with eyes of faith, as well as her acuteness of discrimination between prices and values. Appreciation of homely virtues was shown not only by her personal practice of them, but also by her applause of others who did likewise. Messages of such commendation, sent by her, have often fortified a fainting heart. We do not want to question our Father's wisdom or love when we wish that we might still enjoy her encouraging smile. But even momentary meditation and appeal to our deeper faith, suffice to show that it has been, and may still be, our memory, of that benign expression, that has most cheered us. Conduct expresses the spirit of the person to whom both belong. Conduct is also the means of setting an example. If we have profited by Eldress Anna's example and can make our conduct worthy of such influence, we shall be heirs of her spirit and answerable to the Holy Spirit for careful custody of that share of the Supreme in the Godhead. *Requiescat in pace!*

C. M. CULVER, M.D.
Albany, New York.

It has been said by one of the most famous women of modern times, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy,—"One marvels that a friend can ever seem less than beautiful."

It was no task for the friends of Eldress Anna White

to discover those qualities of mind and heart which constitute real beauty, and which were continually reflected in her character. She was a woman of fearless moral courage and sublime faith, ever ready to listen and learn as well as to counsel and to encourage, her influence for good extending beyond the Shaker Order and only limited by the outer boundary of her acquaintance.

I came to know Eldress Anna at a time when human verdicts said her last day on earth was drawing to a close, but as a result of her spiritual vitality and instantaneous response to the Word of Life, she recovered her physical health and was restored to active life in the family, her written testimony appearing later in the December, 1907, *Christian Science Journal.*

Eldress Anna retained her buoyant and childlike spirit, which is always an indication of purity and love, and which made her a charming personality and a wise and helpful friend, to the end of her earthly career. I count it a great privilege to have known Eldress Anna White.

ARCHIE E. VAN OSTRAND,
Pittsfield, Mass.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

We read in the *New York Times* of Friday last that Eldress Anna White had passed into the larger room, to be hidden from our fleshly eyes and to busy herself with such loving office as was ordained. Our hearts are warm with sympathy for you all in what will be a great bereavement truly, for we think the Eldress was a mother to many, and a stout-hearted, serene counsellor to those in need of support and direction.

You will not be alone in your sorrow for the circle of the Eldress's friends was limitless as the waves of light and many hearts will feel heavy with a personal sorrow. Great is the victory of those, who, through

the overthrow of the terrors of death, pass the portals to the realm of knowledge and true light. For them the passage is a luminous, sublime translation. The shackles of earth are shaken off and the patrimony of Heaven is divided to them. As sons and daughters they see God and we believe there are some who need not dread to see the Presence of the All Life.

In our visits to your happy, beautiful home land, we had come to know Eldress Anna more or less intimately, and so knowing learned to love the charm of her personality, her spiritual and intellectual force, her earnestness, her fidelity, her zeal for the cause of all that is best in Shakerism and in all other unselfish efforts. She seemed always to see the substance through the shadow with the clear vision of a seeress, and I recall that she once told me that at *no time* had men and women more important matters to meditate upon and converse about than those affecting their ethical development.

We grieve with you because we are to see her no more as we saw her, but in our memory's treasure-house we shall ever cherish the recollection of a sweet, loving, wise friend. The simplicity of her trust finds an image in the expectancy of this season when God sends again His message of peace and love to His children.

Your friend,

WALTER GRAFTON,
New York City.

It was in the early September of 1906, in response to repeated invitations, doubtless in the first instance due to the Rev. Amanda Deyo, that I visited the North Family of Shakers at Mount Lebanon—accompanied by my young friend, M. S. F. I arrived just before the early country tea. Even while partaking of the simple but bountiful and delicious refreshment, I felt the atmosphere of the place. Almost immediately after supper, we repaired to

the hall where I was to speak—for the object of my visit was to speak on "The Mission of the International Council," in which the "North Family", which had recently entered the National Council, had become interested.

It was at the close of my address that I received my first impression of the intellectual grasp of Eldress Anna White. Her womanly grace and sweetness had already been expressed in her welcome of her guests, but now it was a broad and open mind, illuminated by a clear vision of world relationships, which was displayed, as she led an uncommonly intelligent discussion of the address. I was induced to prolong our visit and during three memorable days, I had many opportunities for observing Eldress Anna's tact and judgment. I was surprised to find how wide was her knowledge of great world movements and how sound was her judgment concerning proper solutions of the human problems involved.

Before this visit, I had thought of this community as safely islanded within its own interests and ideals. After it, it seemed to me rather a tower for observation, and its head the keenest and clearest-eyed of observers.

A year later I made a second short visit to the North Family; in the interim I had exchanged many letters with Eldress Anna, each of whose communications in turn gave new proof of her penetration and judgment as well as of her tenderness and sympathy. She was not strong when I went to her room to say good-by to her at the end of my last visit, but her face shone with goodness, and I left her feeling that she was like a crystal lamp, guarding a flame that needed no trimming, because fed from an inexhaustible reservoir with which its connection was perfect, continuous and permanent. The news of Eldress Anna's death does not destroy this picture of her or lessen the fidelity of the symbol.

May Wright Sewall,
Boston, Mass.

DEAR SISTERS:

You have asked me to contribute a word of appreciation for your book about dear Eldress Anna. You ask a difficult thing, not that there is not much to say, but so much and of such a character that it is not easy to speak of her briefly or without seeming to those who have not had the great privilege of knowing her personally, too extravagant.

We who knew her best know that to praise her moderately is to do her an injustice, hers was such a rare and haunting personality. When I think of what that most abused term, "A Lady," should stand for, my mind flies to Anna White, who was the most exquisite and gracious lady I have ever known. She was unfailingly courteous and gracious in her manner, and so gently dignified in her bearing that all might come to her, but none trespass upon her; with an insight and understanding so keen that she could pity and not be deceived, with a rare sense of fun and humor, with a perfectly balanced intelligence, wise, serene and well-poised, head and heart co-ordinating, tender and pitiful, a very Gracious Lady.

When I think of a mother, I think again of Anna White, for she seemed to epitomize all the spiritual graces of Motherhood. For her, there was no need of the material experience of maternity, to develop the Mother genius which was hers, and which she used to succor and strengthen so many lives. In the hearts of many she is treasured in a place apart as "The Little Mother."

As a leader she would have found her place in whatever sphere of life her fate had been cast. She had the soul of the Leader, valiant and courageous and undaunted —a veritable little warrior—but the weapons of her warfare were not "Carnal, but spiritual to the pulling down of Strongholds."

And what a loyal and generous-hearted friend she knew how to be—Woman, Mother, Leader, Friend. Yes, she was all of these, but how could it be otherwise with the spirit in her that seemed to burn like a white flame, ever mounting higher and higher and purifying and exalting every act and relationship of her human life. I used to wonder why she filled me with such a sense of awe and honor. Why I felt more honored to have this little Shaker Country Woman meet me with outstretched hands, than I could have felt for any one else in the world—and I remember Wordsworth's lines:

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The soul that rises with us, our Life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.—
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

I think the reason we felt such honor and awe in her presence was, because she had been able to keep her "Clouds of Glory" all about her during her earthly life. She brought with her, to us, a sense of The Presence, and when she went away the step for her could not have been into the unknown.

Lena R. Smith,
New York and Canaan.

Universal Peace Union,
Philadelphia.

To My Very Dear Friends, of the Shaker Family,
Mount Lebanon, N. Y.:

I have just learned of the translation of our sainted Anna White and I hasten to give vent to my feelings

of sorrow, not for her blessed spirit, for that is assured in rest and peace: but for the separation of a companionship so full of joy, serenity and harmony, that it seems like breaking into a divine chorus of the living here, in so much faith and trust and love. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." We all mourn for this severing of congenial ties. You have cause to feel sad for the loss to yourselves and yet a rejoicing for her ascension.

My heart overflows when I think of her gift and her beautiful words to me on my 80th Birthday, and when I chide myself for not promptly writing her in addition to my "Acknowledgment" in the "Peacemaker," of September and October. She must have known that I was deeply touched by her sisterly affection, I call it but a continuance of that fraternal nature that was manifested from the first time we met, and when I visited you some years ago and until she penned the sweet words to me last September.

How these angelic visitations seem part of the Heaven here—she made the connection of the spiritual and material so closely dove-tailed that it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other commenced. I want you all to accept this letter as a brotherly tribute to your and my departed loved one, and a testimony to you for your devotion and faithfulness. I know you took the best of care of the "pearl" of your family, and you will receive the merited reward.

She was one of our Vice-Presidents, always sending us her love and appreciation and her regular contribution for her dues. We need more Anna Whites. You move the world by the unseen but not unfelt mystery of Truth and Wisdom, even in your splendid modesty. We do not see the perfume of the flowers, or know the make-up of electricity, but we do appreciate the sweetness of the one and accept the wonders of the other. You may well

be compared with these forces from the Creator of all good.

With the profound sympathy and love of your attached friend I wish you all that peace so truly deserved for your faith.

Alfred H. Love.

The loss of one who has thought high thoughts and lived a serenely consistent, unselfish life, is a very great loss to the state and to the world.

Eldress Anna White,—simple, straight-forward, kindly and unaffected, moved among her family as guide, philosopher and friend. Her splendid eyes looked out from a brow of thought, and her clear voice, fine diction and commanding figure naturally made her a leader. Above all she was a woman with the womanly qualities of devotion and helpfulness; and for us she was just a dear friend whose bright smile gave us a double pleasure in coming to the dear North Family to see our beloved friends *The Shakers*.

Leigh Hunt,
Grace Anna Hunt,
New York City.

In September, 1909, it was my privilege to spend a few days at Mount Lebanon as the guest of Eldress Anna White, in response to an invitation received some months previously in correspondence.

At the time of my visit, Eldress Anna was greatly enfeebled by recent illnesses. I was permitted to enjoy two somewhat lengthy private interviews during my brief stay at Mount Lebanon, the impress of which will ever remain an inspiration to all that is highest and holiest in womanhood and in Christian living.

Eldress Anna possessed in herself, not only remarkable endowments of mind and executive ability, but com-

bined with these, those higher qualities of soul, which enabled her to enter into close sympathy with other souls and to bestow upon others that greatest of all gifts, Love. The memory of my brief intercourse with this rare and beautiful spirit, so far removed from, so exalted above all that is sordid or unreal, will ever remain sacred and inspiring. My tribute to her memory can best be paid in the words of Jesus, speaking of Nathaniel, "Behold! an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile."

MARY C. HENRY,
West Orange, New Jersey.

I regret to learn of the passing away of Eldress Anna White; though of course I noticed, when last I saw her, that she was not long for earth. It was a real benediction to be in her presence again the day when I called with Mr. England. I shall treasure the memory of her as a woman of fine mind and rare spirituality. These extraordinary gifts, combined with her simple kindliness and common sense, must have made her an invaluable leader for your little group. I shall treasure the memory of Eldress Anna White, and I wish for all of you an inheritance of her spirit and her power for good.

RABBI CHARLES FLEISCHER,
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

I never have seen a more heavenly presence in earthly form than that of beautiful Eldress Anna White. How the frail tenement so long held the angelic spirit is the wonder—not that now it has gone to seek its own. What a gentle transition from this world into the other that is so near and sometimes only half hidden.

Affectionately,
L. A. COONLEY WARD.

For purity of motive she was pre-eminent. The welfare of the family and society, its highest good, its greatest possible attainment, were her chief thought and care. Broad-minded, lofty in her ideals, honest, earnest in seeking their achievement, eager and anxious to share her light and understanding with and for the benefit of others. Eldress Anna had to be viewed from so many different standpoints, judged by hard, difficult problems. I knew her long before she became Eldress. Always, always she wanted only the right; no compromising for expediency, but *the best* attainable, the greatest good. May it ever live and flourish among you! Her loyalty, devotion, consecration, are as a beacon leading on and up, to the heights beyond.

CATHERINE BLAKE,
New York City.

OUR DEARLY BELOVED ELDRESS ANNA WHITE.

BY CECELIA DEVERE.

Hers was a life of revelation pure,
With love unfolding like God's holy gift,
With strength of soul that made her footsteps sure
What e'er the path, or tempest wild and swift.

We needed not life's billows to decline,
Before her heart-pearl virtues came to view,
We hourly saw them in their beauty shine
In radiant halos, white and ever new.

A revelation was her mind's expanse,
She frankly greeted truth in any guise,
But fearless challenged Falsehood's armed advance
And amply proved her innocence was wise.

Her upright honesty was wise indeed,
It gave her victory on every field;
For plot or plan, she never saw the need,
And never saw a time to weakly yield.

Valiant for right, as valiant against wrong,
She stood her ground with brave, unflinching zeal,
Intent to test her soul and know it strong,
Prepared to bear the stress that martyrs feel.

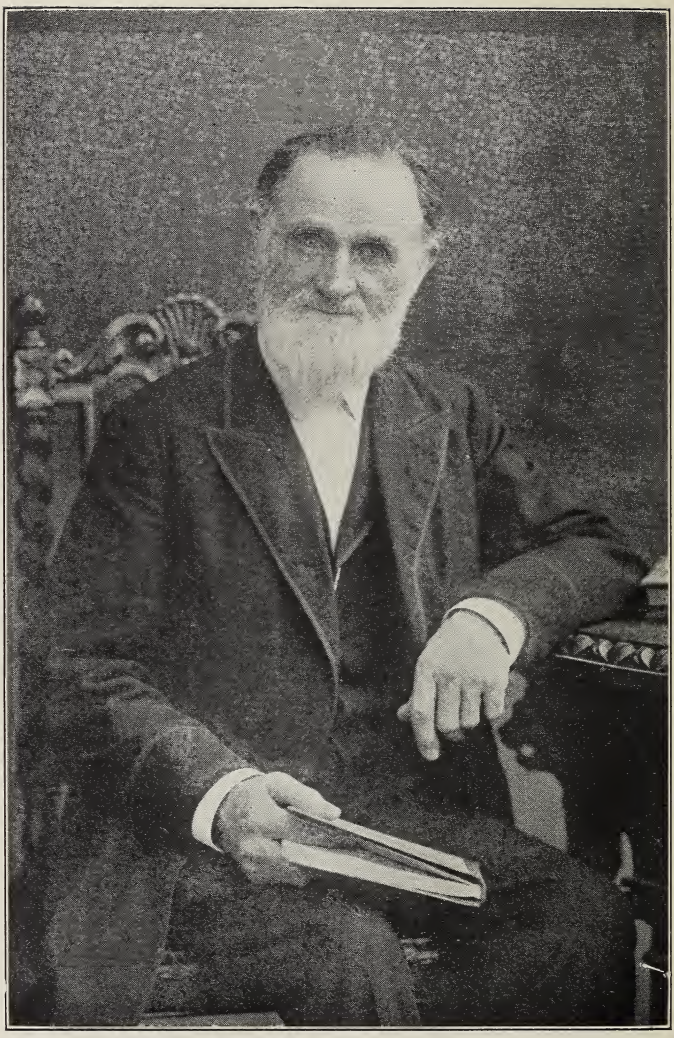
But as a shepherdess with mother heart,
What love, what grace, what tenderness expressed,
What delicate compassion, artless art,
Drew to her souls and made them truly blest!

Dear one, beloved beyond all power to tell,
Dear faithful guardian through the long, long years,
Thy inner life spreads now its heavenly spell
Upon the fountain of our sorrowing tears.

For thee, emancipation new and strange!
Our sympathies awake to help thee bear
The dawn of the new life, the mystic change,
That in our turn we all with thee must share.

We will not say farewell, Death is a phase
That cannot take thee from immortal ties,
It can but hide thee in the shadowy haze
Where light eternal on Life's River lies.

ELDER DANIEL OFFORD.



In Kindest love
Daniel Offord

MEMORIAL OF ELDER DANIEL OFFORD.

I

AT the head of the North Family for many years stood Elder Daniel Offord,—small, slight, muscular; full of energy, vigor and determination; conscientious, far-seeing, unselfish, full of love for humanity; from his deep, sad, kind eyes, looked out a tender, brave, patient and loving soul.

Daniel Offord was of English stock, born at Richmond, Surrey, November 11th, 1843. His ancestors, for several generations, followed the trade of maltster. His grandfather, Robert Offord, was a dealer in grain, hops, seeds, coal, etc., acting as factor for a wealthy merchant. Respected for honesty and integrity, he was often appealed to in business matters, because of his sound, reliable judgment. Of his wife, Ann Leeks, her son has said: "She was one of the neatest, cleanest, most industrious, honest and chaste women I have ever known, consistent, spiritual-minded and devout." Coming under deep religious conviction, an entire change was wrought in his habits and manner of life. Both became devoted Methodists, but, when Robert thought that the Methodists were growing too worldly, he withdrew and with a few like-minded, started a chapel for themselves. Afterwards, he united with the Baptists, and died in that faith in 1856, at the age of eighty-four.

Their third son, William, was born at Stowmarket, Suffolk, July, 1803, and was reared at Bury St. Edmunds,

whither Robert had removed. A nervous, sensitive, religious child, he was apprenticed to learn the printing, book-making and stationer's business and, at twenty-one, went to London where he was married to Susannah King, like himself an ardent Methodist. They settled at Richmond, Surrey, where William managed a printing business. As their older children became able to assist in the support of the family, William opened a small grocery and bake-shop, where they found employment. He would sell nothing on the Sabbath, but gave away bread and groceries to those who needed them, trusting in God to supply any lack to himself. For his strong testimony against worldliness in preachers and people, he was suspended from the Methodist Church, after twenty-eight years of membership and fifteen years as local preacher. He at once began out-door preaching, and, with a few others, hired a vacant chapel, which they called their "Place of Worship." Greatly exercised in mind on the subjects of marriage and communism, he had a strong impression of a coming greater light than they had yet received and told his friends of his convictions, saying, "God may send us the truth by some poor man or poor woman, but, whatever the messenger, if I feel it to be true, I shall follow it, no matter through what suffering."

One Sabbath, a stranger appeared in their midst, who expounded the beliefs and explained the customs of the American Shakers. Great interest was aroused. He was regarded by the simple-hearted, earnest group as a very holy, superior man. The facts were that he was not a man of faith or of good principles. He had lived among Shakers, understood their doctrines, but had been dismissed from every society where he appeared. But, whatever the character of the instrument, he was used by the Spirit to promulgate the truths for which Ann Lee, seventy years before, had gone to America.

After the meeting in which Shakerism had been expounded, William Offord sat down on a bench to think. The message, he felt was true and he could not get away from it. He had been coming to it through the years. "I saw," he said, "what it meant by forsaking and hating the wife," etc., and by the words, 'Let him take up his cross and follow me.' I had a horrible picture of what would be the consequences of living according to the light that shone so clearly into my understanding. I saw my business lost, myself hated and persecuted, my name cast out as evil. I saw my family in need, the danger of personal injury, of being treated as insane and shut up in a lunatic asylum and many more very probable consequences." He remembered his own words:—"If a man be not honest, he will not obey all the light he has." "Now I have more light than ever I had, what am I going to do? That evening, I said to Susannah, 'You have heard this testimony as well as myself, and you have often heard me say that there are not two ways to heaven, one for the high and lofty and another for the low and poor. I now see that there is one work for all to do. If you have a mind so to do, you may take up your cross and live as did Jesus, but whether you do or not, I shall.' She turned pale, but said nothing. I felt released."

The influence of the stranger, whose name was Evans, was resented by Susannah Offord and many other women of the congregation, who intuitively apprehended his real character. A few accepted his teachings and formed a small community, among them William's oldest daughter, Betsey, and his youngest son, Daniel, eight years of age. William had not been deceived in his forecastings. For two years, his life was filled to the brim with persecution. The stranger's influence over him became one of darkness and confusion, but he was too sincere, honest and upright, to be led far astray. One Sabbath morning,

in a state of deep depression, he was constrained to turn aside into a solitary place, which happened to be the yard of a livery stable, and shake most thoroughly. He felt so much better, mentally and spiritually, that, meeting Evans on the street, he told him about it and exclaimed, "Shakerism is the most rational religion on earth!" To his surprise, his friend made no reply. William knew nothing about shaking as a religious exercise, or he might have received a hint of the man's real character, for the false-hearted among Shakers ever hate and despise the humiliating and purifying work of true spiritual shaking and its physical expression.

True to his vow to preach as he had opportunity, William traveled about, preaching Shakerism, as he understood it. He went to Liverpool and preached from the steps of the custom-house, a place open to any who wished to free their minds to the public. Finally, he decided to go to America and seek out the Shakers for himself. Bidding his family farewell, he sailed August 4th, 1849, reaching New York, September 13th. Arriving at Lebanon Springs on Saturday afternoon, he walked two miles to Shaker Village, on Sabbath morning, as Richard Bushnell had done before him, and attended service in the meeting-house. Brother Frederick Evans was addressing the people, and William "gathered heart and soul to Believers. Place and people were sacred to me." Elder Richard Bushnell invited him to the North Family and the next morning he confessed his sins. According to his quaint recital,—"The great archangel's trumpet had sounded in the ears of my inmost soul, and by it I was awakened from spiritual death in sin and called to the resurrection of life—called to live as Jesus lived, and had to appear at the judgment seat to give an account of the evil I had done in and with the body. But it was not that great and awful Throne with the Great God seated thereupon that I had long dreamed of. I

found it to be simply a cut-down apple tree in the orchard. Upon this Elder Richard, one of the Witnesses for God, seated himself and in a very kind, friendly and fatherly manner invited me to be seated by him. I found that log to be quite as much of a dazzling throne as I could bear to approach, and him who sat thereon quite as much of a God as I could master courage to open the dark places of my history to."

William wrote to his family, urging Susannah to join him. This she refused to do, but sent out two sons, who ultimately returned to England, and later, three daughters, Rhoda, Ann and Miriam. The month following William's entry, he met, upon their arrival at Canaan, Robert and Anna White, the latter having decided to become a Shaker. Upon the last night of Eldress Anna's life, she saw William Offord, called him by name, waving him a courteous greeting. Doubtless, he was of the band who met and welcomed her as she entered the spirit world.

One June morning, William was at work in the garden, looking over the beautiful Lebanon Valley spread out at his feet, and exclaimed to Elder Richard,—"I know this place, I was here more than twenty years ago!" He then related a dream, in which he came to America twice in a sailing packet and saw a beautiful place with most charming scenery. When he moved to Richmond, in Surrey, the garden of England, he thought that was the fulfillment of his dream, except that he had not come by water. Now, he verified the place.

After several years, William became anxious about his remaining children and went back to England. He found Susannah in prosperous circumstances, living in a pretty village not far from London, and very unwilling to allow Emily, the youngest child, to return with her father to America. He found Daniel, thirteen years old, still living with Evans, spending his time grinding and prepar-

ing charcoal for some medicinal preparation. Evans was away and he had no difficulty in securing the boy, Daniel seeming very glad to go with him. His eldest and favorite daughter, Betsey, had married and gone to Australia. This was a great grief and disappointment. Susannah soon became reconciled to parting with the children, fitted them out comfortably and accompanied them to the vessel, to see them off for America. She finally went to Australia and ended her days in the home of her daughter Betsey.

Dreading possible trouble and useless argument, William instructed his children not to use the word Shaker or speak of their faith or destination on the voyage, which, according to his dream, was made, like the first, in a sailing packet. The chilly winds and cold air of the cabin made William ill and he was forced to take from his box his long, blue, outside coat of Shaker make, for warmth. A wealthy Quaker, returning from a tour of Europe, recognized the Shaker garb and inquired if he knew Robert White. Finding himself caught, William said, "I suppose this coat is the cause of that question." The Quaker, whose name was Mott, replied that it was, and that he knew Robert White well. In the conversation that followed, William learned to his astonishment, that, during his absence, his friend and brother, Robert White, had passed away. His new friend secured for him warmer quarters, so that he soon recovered. Daniel and Emily tried to obey their father's injunction, but they were included in a Sabbath School class, gathered from the children on board and instructed by a lady passenger. When questioned on the fundamentals of the Christian faith, Daniel, who found the teaching more than he could accept, spoke his faith as fearlessly as in after years.

Landing at New York, they reached Canaan, where they were met by Brother Charles Greaves and taken

to the North Family. Daniel, his pockets filled with apples by the Canaan sisters, offered the finest to his new friend, who never forgot the boyish generosity. Emily, a beautiful and gifted girl, spent her life at Canaan; Daniel remained at the North Family. He was a polite lad, obedient, diligent and truthful. The winter found him accompanying the brethren on long expeditions over the snow-drifted roads, to cut wood on Washington Mountain. They would load their ox-sleds with logs and return, often reaching home late at night. One day, running to assist some one in trouble, Daniel laid his mittens on a log and forgot them. The mittens were lost and Daniel, on reaching home, confessed his fault to his Elder and to the young sister who had charge of his clothes, saying, "I have lost my mittens, and now, I will not wear any more mittens, this winter!" "Yea, you will too!" she replied and gave him another warm pair, but he declared he would wear no more mittens that winter, because of his carelessness. "I do not know whether he did or not," said the gray-haired sister who told the tale, "but it was never necessary to punish Daniel, he would always punish himstelf." This he continued, with ever deepening sorrow and self-condemnation for every mistake, during the fifty-five years of his Shaker life, until the angels took him to themselves. Opportunities for education were few in that day for farmer boys, and this Shaker lad in his teens had but a few weeks for study in the winter school for boys. He improved his time to the uttermost, but it was a bitter memory that the days of his school-life were so few.

A letter, dated November 6th, 1859, revealing in its boyish expressions the character of the mature man, is addressed to

"Beloved Elder Frederick:

"I feel to express my determination to you that I will

be more faithful to build and support the temporal things that pertain to the increase and welfare of my good brethren and sisters. I love them and I love my beloved Elders, who teach me how to find a fruitful travel in the gospel. I thank Brother Timothy for the good instructions I receive from time to time. I shall be sixteen years old next Friday, and feel as though I was coming to years of understanding, in which I ought to be gaining a knowledge of the principles of the gospel, and to practice them more and more in my daily life, and, when I have opportunity to help others to a knowledge and to the practice of them, so far as I do myself, I will take it. I do not want to be selfish in anything, but to crucify a selfish nature in whatever shape it may appear. I feel thankful for the order of confession, as it is established in Zion, and I shall obey this and every other gospel order. I testify that a full and honest confession of every known sin does not bring shame and confusion, but peace and satisfaction to the soul. I promise that I will be good and I think we all mean to be. I remain your son, Daniel Offord."

A letter from Elder Frederick to him reveals the source of many traits of character very prominent in his maturity. He writes:

"My dear child, Daniel Offord:

"You request me to write you a prayer on paper. Prayer, my son, has been thus defined,—

> "Prayer is the heart's sincere desire,
> Uttered or unexpressed;
> The motion of a hidden fire,
> That glows within the breast.

"God is all good, man is not *all* good, prayer is the chain that unites them together, bringing man into favor with God, by making him good as God is good. So when you feel a desire, Daniel, to be more good than

you now are, you may think it, breathe it or utter it in some form of words, and that is prayer. But the thought, the breath and the words are only the clothing of your prayer, the same as what you have on is the clothing of your body.

"Consider, therefore, my dear boy, what the *want* of your soul is. First, you need, as this request, which you are so simple as to prefer shows, the spirit of prayer, that is, good desires, fervent, anxious desires to be a better and more truly religious boy than you now are.

"You may then pray in this wise: 'Heavenly Father and Mother, send holy spirits to give me good and pure desires. A desire for a true and lively faith in spiritual gifts. A desire for death by mortification to all fleshly sensations. A desire for an obedient, childlike spirit towards my Elders, caretakers and brethren and sisters in the gospel, and a meek, patient, just and loving spirit towards my young companions. May I be moved to avoid their faults and to copy their virtues. I pray that the spirits of the just, who have been made perfect by obedience to the truth, will fill me with zeal in the worship of God, by inspiring me to keep at all times and in every place, a constant memory of my accountability to those who watch for my soul, that thus in meeting, I may be free from all guilt and condemnation.

" 'Thus let me always pray,
By having none but good desires;
Still travelling in the light of day
Through truthful, sin-consuming fires.'

"Receive this with my kind love,

"Frederick."

Living in the same family with his father, the tendency to perpetuate the natural tie of affection and mutual confidence was realized by him as a hindrance to true spiritual obedience and growth, and, in his young

manhood, he wrote to William a long and remarkable letter on this subject, addressing him, "Kind Friend and Brother in Christ." Among his thoughts are these: "My mind has been exercised upon the two orders through which all souls travel that are called by the gospel—the natural and the spiritual. All are born into the natural order, but only those who are called by the gospel travel into the spiritual. Some come to the gospel when young, and have to travel to the natural when in the gospel. It grows with their growth and all the ties and affections of nature rise up in that soul drawing it to its natural relation. The earthly relation soon dissolves, in its most orderly state. Now I feel that I am called to forsake this order and enter into the spiritual order and follow the example of Jesus. Although called to the gospel while young, in childhood, yet, I have to forsake and hate father and mother, wife and children, as really as you, who have been father and had a wife, for the elements of these are all *in me,* they grow as I grow and would bring forth fruit, if I do not bear the cross of Christ and hate them, and labor to feel a joining to the resurrection order above the order of nature.

"I feel the time has come for me to be cut off the field of nature, and to make a clean separation from my soul of the ties and affections of the old order of father and son, and devote all my faculties and powers to attain to the resurrection of a new life in Christ. Having been called by the gospel, I must act consistent with the gospel; it is of no use trying to carry along the natural with the spiritual. In so doing, I am between the heaven and the earth. The spiritual is above the natural and they cannot be mixed any more than oil and water.

"The order established on earth, where souls by strict obedience may have salvation from sin, and power to govern every imagination of the heart and bring into captivity every thought into obedience to the law of

Christ,—this order is manifested through a Visible Lead and here is where obedience is required. By walking in the light, or, in other words, by doing, thinking, speaking or hearing nothing but what is known of the lead and can be blest by the lead (this is my understanding of walking in the light), we are protected from the power of temptation and are joined to the resurrection spheres. God can only protect souls in obedience. He has placed an order on earth where in obedience we find protection. All conversation which tends to draw the feelings from the visible lead in the order of God tends in other directions, a step in nature. Let us live to our profession, and let the old relation of father and son in nature be remembered no more forever; but let us become as good children, gathering in love to our new father, building up a new relation that will endure when time is no more. This is my simple gospel faith and, come what may, I will bow my body, soul and spirit in humble submission thereto."

When Brother Timothy Rayson, associate of Elder Frederick Evans, was removed to the Eldership in another family, Daniel Offord was appointed his successor. He had in his care many boys and young brethren. He was devoted to them and they loved him in return. He had oversight of the teams and in his training of the young brethren for teamsters, his care of little things and his thoughtful consideration for others is manifest in a code of rules which he drew up for the guidance of beginners. They are worthy of a place in every stable, or wherever horses come under the control of human beings. Some of the rules contain principles on which he based his dealings with human beings as well as horses. "When taking out the team, especially in the morning," he says, "be extra patient and gentle, for they are then the most full of life, which life should be directed and guided by the teamster, not provoked by impatience into ugli-

ness."—"Remember, it is with harness as with your own clothes, a stitch in time will often save much loss."—"Govern your own spirit, if you would have proper control of your horse. Never strike a horse when you are out of temper. Reprove your own self, then you will succeed much better in training your horse." Naturally possessed of a quick, impatient temper, he early gained self-control and in after years was remarkable for his patient, kind disposition, holding his firm self-control in the most trying and vexing circumstances. "I covenant to look out for the little things," was his vow, when many united in a covenant of specific consecration, and he never forgot it.

He was fond of children, keenly observant of them and interested in their affairs and pleasures, often saving for them his share of fruits or confections from the table. His patient kindness met with a warm return of affection from boys and girls alike. "We have now a company of eight boys," he once wrote, "and we have plenty of music, not all in harmony or perfect unison. One good Elder is reported as saying that agitation is better than stagnation, and so we think. We take children and we try to make good, noble men and women of them and, if possible, permanent members of our order. Blessed be the children, and the Kingdom of Heaven will never be without them!"

Of unusual mechanical gifts, by careful study of the scientific journals that came in his way, and improving every opportunity to learn of practical mechanicians, he became equipped with knowledge and skill to do nearly all the plumbing, steam-fitting and machine work on the place, by no means an inconsiderable task. Boilers, pipes that underlie miles of mountain land, machinery that makes light the labors of house and farm, steam radiators of a half-century's use, sawmill, water and steam power wherever needed,—all are the work of his active brain

and busy hands. The care of steam-pipes in cold winter nights, when others were asleep, was never forgotten nor neglected, the gleam of his lantern, as he went swiftly from place to place over the wide domain, might be seen in the small hours, but never a sound to disturb another, or a complaint when the next day's strenuous duties found him weary with watching and care.

A vegetarian from early childhood, he was a strong supporter of the principles instilled by Frederick Evans, Daniel Fraser, Anna White, and others. The reservoir above the house, about 600 feet distant, constructed in 1876, with pipes connecting with a distant pond and leading the water to dwellings, barns and laundry, was largely his work. At the time of its construction, Elder Hervey Eads, of Kentucky, a strong advocate of the meat diet, was on a visit to Mount Lebanon and, as usual, he and Elder Frederick had strenuous disputations on diet and theology. Strolling up the hill to see the new reservoir, where Brother Daniel, with a force of men and boys, was laying the walls, himself doing the work of any three, Elder Hervey watched the slight, active figure and finally burst out, "Brother Daniel, where do you get your tremendous strength?" Quick as a flash came the answer,—"From fruits, vegetables and farinacea!"

"It seems to me," he writes, "so rational that a people living a spiritual, angelic life in thought and imagination should have a diet that corresponds with their soul food and a business that is in harmony with the angelic life of the gospel we are called to live. Everything about the slaughtering of animals is repulsive to the finer feelings of the soul, and a fruitful source of disease to our mortal bodies, which should be full of health, without a mark of Egypt upon them. Then should we truly honor and glorify God in our bodies.

"I trust that before we reach the next century-post,

there will be a Christian people on the earth who will have learned to prepare food in far greater perfection without the products of the dairy and the hen-yard, than is now done with them. The subject is worthy the consideration of all who are striving to live according to the Golden Rule and the Law of Love. Peace on Earth and Goodwill exercised toward all will never be realized until the diet of the people is changed. When humanity of the past was in Eden, fruits and grains were their portion. When Eden is restored, will it not be the same?"

Another theme on which Elder Daniel had strong convictions and felt deeply was the hired labor among Believers. "I should like to see," he wrote during Elder Frederick's second mission to England, in 1887, "the Shaker Order started in England and Scotland on a strictly vegetarian basis,—the people over there are ready for it, and without hired help. The hireling system in a community is antagonistic to the growth of Christian Brotherhood; hence destructive of our Christian Community."

The garden, of which he sometimes had the care, was very suggestive to him of moral and spiritual experiences. "It is very easy to find excuses for the weeds growing and for this, that and the other, but these oftentimes make matters worse. This laying to Providence or the weather, what properly belongs to our carelessness and after-thought, is hardly the thing. Let the truth stand, though it reveals all our crooked ways. I love straight rows, clean of weeds, and neatly kept borders. They make it easier to be good."

"Make good resolutions and carry them out. They help the growth of virtue in the soul and are as gentle breezes or rays of sunshine, or as showers that often fall upon tender plants. Some persons make good resolutions, but not attaining to perfection at once, become discouraged and think it is of no use to keep making

resolutions, which are likely to be broken, and that it is only telling falsehoods and does no good. Shall we, because one gentle breeze, or one ray of sunshine, or one single shower does not produce a crop, say it does no good? No one would be so foolish. Because one resolution fails to bring us into possession of any particular virtue, shall we therefore cease to strive? Nay! God looks at the heart and the intent of the soul, therefore, let us make good resolutions and keep them, renew and keep renewing, till we attain to that to which we aspire."

Elder Daniel's simple habits and active life kept him in good health, although he had a naturally weak digestion and, as the issue proved, a tendency to heart trouble. He had strong convictions on the duty of keeping well, and of spiritual causes underlying all physical and temporal happenings. "Search out the cause, effects always follow cause," was his oft repeated injunction.

"The weather, oh the weather, the like was never known before!" he wrote, one season of peculiar manifestations. "What a story we that are young will have to tell in the next century. If this world and the weather are only the effects of spiritual causes, what reformation in the world of cause will have to take place before our earth will be a paradise. We need not wait to die (pass out of the mortal body) to enter the spiritual world of cause. There are many now upon the earth, who are laboring to remove spiritual causes, that the dire effects manifested on earth in human conditions may cease. When this is done, no doubt the weather and all other unprofitable conditions will be greatly improved."

Again, "The writer is in the healing apartments, having fallen under the weather, of which we have had a great abundance, but was mercifully picked up and landed clear of the storm; is now about ready for another battle with wind and tide and whatever else constitutes the

weather. I cannot stay long under conditions in which I have no faith, and against which I am fighting to the best of my ability. As we grow in understanding, we more and more realize that effects follow cause, and, if we are not prompt to remove the first cause, the effects become cause for other effects, and, if we are unwise, we go from bad to worse, in geometrical ratio. No other way can a wise soul pursue, than to remove the first cause. To practice what of truth we know will lead us to the fount whence all truth doth flow. As the practice of truth is the only thing that will make us free, there is no hope of salvation only in obedience.

"We realize that the gospel is not as yet manifest in its perfection. We are longing and working for a renewed baptism of gospel life, fire and light. It needs a good deal of divine wisdom to discern the truth, and more simplicity to acknowledge it when presented. Nothing but a genuine love for truth will enable anyone to accept and obey it. Who can possibly have this love, but those whose lives are made straight by being squared in accordance with the Golden Rule?

"What a glorious sight it will be upon this earth,—a body of people living in a section of country where the weeds are all subdued, where there are no destructive animals or insects, where the seasons come in perfect harmony and where the people have complete control not only of their spirits but of their bodies. No accidents, no sickness, no premature death and no burdensome old age."

His own grasp of the spiritual reality underlying physical expressions of life and activity was so strong, that he was carried safely through many crises which might have been serious accidents. Once, when trimming trees, the high branch on which he stood, broke, precipitating him to the ground. His companions thought him killed, but he was conscious of resting quietly in the arms of

Elder Richard Bushnell, and rose from the ground unharmed and unjarred. Falling through an open trapdoor, in the dark, a considerable distance, he was again uninjured. In the most dark and stormy nights, he would go alone over the slippery path to flume and watergates, and, whatever the danger that threatened, he was always ready fearlessly to face it, prepared to do what he could. "We ought to be in such a spiritual receptive condition that we could always heed the admonitions of our good guardian spirits and thus bring the science of spiritualism into practical use. There are no accidents in Christ, Truth."

"There ought to be wisdom to discern," he said at another time, "between practice and principle, and whether our practices are in accord with or in violation of our gospel principles. If we come to a knowledge that our practice violates a principle essential to our salvation, spiritual or physical, we ought to possess enough of the power of self-denial to cease such practices, and not go blundering along, stumbling at the cross. Salvation and protection from the power of sin and self-indulgence that leads to sickness, disease and death, physically or spiritually, should be our constant aim."

In January, 1890, he wrote: "We have recently put up a private telephone line through our village, reaching to Canaan. All who will, of the families, can now hitch on and make our bond of union stronger. I have been thinking that in the near future, we should have a tangible line between this our world and the summer land we sing about."

Elder Daniel was much interested in the schools and in the training of children. "The subject of education," he said, "is one that all who take an interest in the rising generation should study and exercise their minds upon. The whole everyday life of our community is industrial education, and it is firstrate; but industrial education,

practiced mechanically, is drudgery in its lowest sense, even when exercised in that which is congenial. While that which would usually be termed menial, if mind and brain be brought to bear upon it, becomes interesting and elevating. No labor, however disagreeable, if its end is use, is in any way dishonorable. But when the necessity of the labor is scientifically understood, the disagreeable is largely diminished. Our district or home schools should be so conducted that they will instill into the minds of the pupils the light of understanding, and made so interesting that the children will drink in by absorption. What a child understands, it will remember, what is learned mechanically, is soon forgotten."

"To really enjoy life, we want to have a high ideal, something we can look up to and be working toward. It is the inspiration of our lives. It is that which distinguishes man from the animal. I love to have the angel come down and trouble the waters, it gives opportunity for exercise and the power to do good. Life is a continual problem, solved one day at a time."

"I should like to see a Village Improvement Association," he said more than once, "started in our societies, so as to cultivate in a practical way a genuine public spirit. Have a union labor week, to improve and beautify the village, and the roads and road-sides. To cast up a highway and gather out the stones, nor have our sight hurt by noxious weeds and briers, that ought to be dealt with as the tares of old." Often he would say, "Let the light shine through all our works, financially, as well as morally and spiritually."

His attitude towards sisters and women generally was that of the spiritual father and brother—the true son of the divine. His devotion to the truth of the Motherhood in God made his conduct toward Her visible representative one of reverent, tender consideration. To all

sisters, he was a thoughtful, care-taking protector. One of the Mothers in Israel suffering from the effects of a chill in riding, he wrote: "Let all our aged friends learn from her experience, when passing from the warm cars, to ride in the open air, to put on warm wraps; and we, that are young, whose duty it is to convey our gospel friends from place to place, should not forget the extra wraps, and, when possible, provide a covered carriage with noble, trusty steeds attached. When long journeys are to be taken, a warm soapstone will be very acceptable. These should be heated in the oven and not on a hot stove. By so doing, they will not get hot enough to burn." His filial devotion to Eldress Anna White, in her declining years, was beautiful to see, manifesting the loving, reverent kindness of a true son in the gospel.

After some difficult and dangerous work, like harvesting the ice or cutting the ensilage, he would express in the tenderest manner his gratitude for the protection from accident, and to his helpers for their kind, courteous spirit, and, if no oaths had slipped from the lips of any of the hired helpers, he was sure to notice it gratefully. When he went to a public gathering, or visited a distant city, he never seemed to see any of the disagreeable elements of life, but would come home filled to his soul's brim with the good things he had seen, the kindness met on the street, in crowded stations and subways, and the universal goodwill he saw practiced on every hand. No one who once looked into his clear, loving eyes, could have said anything but a kindly word to him. He read of untoward conditions and thought much of them and their remedy, but, when abroad among men, he could see only the goodness and kindness in the world.

He was greatly interested in the work of that champion of the children and the common people, Judge Ben Lindsay, of Denver, reading with absorbed attention and

deep feeling everything that came in his way about the Juvenile Court and the life of its founder. Other great leaders of the life of the time, who met all men on the basis of the Golden Rule and the Brotherhood of man, were often spoken of in most tender and appreciative manner. It was a delight to him to watch the growth in practical life of the principle of dealing with all men and women as brothers and sisters, children of the One Father and Mother. The boys of the Berkshire Farm and all lads and lassies everywhere were subjects of thought and kindly feeling. The tramp, who came shivering through the snow, was taken in and cared for like a long-lost brother, and the poor man who had no other friend, knew him as the one who would remember and help. One to whom he had yearly sent substantial assistance, said, "What shall I do, how can I get through the winter, wihtout his kind care?

The kindly spirit of the gospel, the universal love it inculcates, had in him free course. He was ever sending out his thought of love and cheer to all in Zion. Often would he call for the old song to be sung, to those far away, his rich, strong voice holding the shout at the end, till it seemed as if it might reach the most remote:

"We'll waft a waft of love through Zion,
To our kindred everywhere,
We'll shout a shout of gospel blessing,
That angels on their wings will bear.
Over mountain, over valley,
Over plain and flowing rill,
We'll extend the gift of union
Till our kindred it doth fill."

"To all, far and near, in our Zion home, we say peace and everlasting love.
To those not yet in the fold, come, for the Lord hath need of thee."

"The brightest spots in my life," he said, "are the blessed experiences with gospel friends, in our spiritual meetings. They are the living springs from fountains that never fail. If the amount of good done by Believers through their public meetings could be summed up, what a mighty pile there would be! So we will toil on and pray on, sow early and late, and never forget the assembling of ourselves together." Nor did he,—never too weary and worn, too over-burdened by hard work and care, long hours and wearisome duties, to join in the service of song and testimony.

Looking out upon the condition of churches and society at large, he said, "It seems to be a time of great agitation in the world of ideas, but very little inclination to settle down to practical, unselfish right-doing. We are bearing aloft the gospel testimony, which is truth. It is mighty and will prevail. It is a matter for heart-felt gratitude that we have no cast-iron creed to keep the soul from growing into a more perfect knowledge of the truth, continually. Above all peoples should we be the most free, and the most willing to acknowledge truth wherever it is manifested. Is there any other way we can come in unity of faith unto perfect men and women, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ?

"We certainly are living in very extraordinary times, and a mighty revolution is upon us. The conditions are upon us that will try men's souls and women's, too. Everything, external and internal, is calling for energy and the consecration of our best talents. No time to waste in dreaming or vain speculation. The revelation of truth and the application of it to everyday life is the only thing that will save from sin and bring the kingdom of righteousness in the earth. They that do right are righteous; those who compromise with wrong for expedience or worldly advantage are heaping up fuel

that will burn only to their discomfort. Let us be careful, watchful and prayerful.

"The year is drawing to a close. I wish all my gospel friends a healthy, temperate Thanksgiving, a truly Pentecostal Christmas and a New Year filled with the glory of God's summer that has passed and the harvest that has ended. We have many things to be thankful for, a few to regret, which in the coming year we hope to improve; and some bright hopes that fill our souls with courage and determination to work more faithfully and bring about that good thing which will make this earth a paradise and thus fulfill the prayer of the Saviour. We see many changes which we desire should be made for the better understanding of our gospel, and for the further development of our pure and holy faith. Is there any better way to bring it about than by just going to work and doing it?" This was ever his attitude. "Let us all go to work and do it. Think, feel, speak and do the right. Square our lives by the Golden Rule. Live the gospel of Jesus and Mother."

At one time, a subject of much thought and some experiment in the family was that of the milk diet. Elder Daniel gave it a trial for one year, when, convinced that for him it was not entirely satisfactory, he gave it up. The first week of the trial, he kept a record of his meals and the work done. The tale of long hours and hard labor was the record not of one week alone, but of the fifty-two of his every working year. The record reads:

"EXPERIENCE WITH MILK DIET.

"Started on Monday, September 25th. Weighed myself in shirt, pants and feetings. 108 pounds. For breakfast drank one and one-half pints of milk, not new. Also took a little whole wheat pudding with cream. Dinner,

one and one-half pints milk, not new, with two pieces of Graham bread with a little apple-sauce, sugar and cream. Supper, the same as for dinner. Felt very comfortable all day. Up at 3:30 A. M. Worked at the ensilage and did not spare myself in the least. Felt no lack of strength or any faintness.

"26th. Breakfast, Graham crackers instead of pudding, dinner and supper the same as yesterday. Work the same and a little harder. Up at about the same time and retire after 9 P. M.

"27th. Breakfast, one and one-half pints of new milk, with a few graham crackers. Dinner and supper, milk and a little pear sauce and cream; worked at the barn.

"28th. Breakfast, dinner and supper the same. Work the same.

"29th. Breakfast, about one quart of new milk. Nothing else. Dinner, about one quart of milk, not new, with a little sauce and cream, supper the same. Worked hard at the barn. Rose 3:30, retired after 9.

"30th. The same as yesterday, only omitted all solid food.

"October 1st. Nothing but milk and a little sauce and cream. Nearly every night have taken just before retiring about one and one-half pints of milk.

"Saturday night, I felt fine. Sabbath afternoon, felt quite lame in my back and began to think I could not attend the ensilage business.

"2nd. A little lame in the back. Breakfast, had one quart or nearly that of new milk. Find cold milk is not quite so good. Nothing to-day but milk and a little sauce with cream and sugar. Worked very hard, but did not rise till 5 A. M.

"3rd. Lameness all gone, feel fine. Milk one and one-half pints, a little sauce and cream." [His weight increased under the milk regimen and he found himself in good health during the year.]

When the experience of Eldress Anna brought Christian Science into prominence in the family, Elder Daniel was prepared to accept its teachings and, as far as the feelings of others permitted, to make it a subject of thought and study in the family. His demonstrations of its principles upon himself and others and even upon the animals in the barns, were of a remarkable character, but, although he was often inclined to plead the cause with opposing minds, he was very slow to give an account of the cures wrought through his agency in its practice. He never gave up the study of "Science and Health."

Deficiencies in early education he made up as far as possible by painstaking habits of reading and observation. His sense of right and his love for humanity made him a reformer in the truest sense. Seeing beyond the veil of phenomena, he would first square his own soul with the law of Absolute Truth and Love, then help clear the vision and strengthen the wills of all whom he could influence. His clear thought, straightforward expression and fervent spirit made his writings lucid and interesting, his public utterances convincing, impressive and inspiring. In his thorough manner, he took up the study of music, becoming a correct and able leader and for many years conducted the service of song in the public worship. His voice in song as in testimony was a clear, rich and inspiring instrument for the use of the Spirit.

In all mechanical emergencies through the village, Elder Daniel was the helper to whom appeal was made and never was he too busy or hard-pressed to respond. His time and his teams were at the disposal of any one who desired conveyance, and for visitors to the village he was always ready to furnish conveyance and transportation. His sense of consecration to the communistic brotherhood and sisterhood reached to the most practical and common affairs.

In counsel, he was careful, conscientiously studying

conditions, fearlessly frank in expression of his convictions, his judgment sound and his conclusions generally reliable. But his viewpoint was that of the moral idealist, the man who looked for unselfish brotherhood in righteousness, not that of worldly advantage or the shrewdness of the man of mere business relations on the plane of selfish acquisition.

Appointed to lead the worship in society meetings, he prepared himself with what pains and care his many temporal duties would permit, and his strong, searching testimony on themes suggested by public issues or society needs was ever from the deepest convictions of his honest, unselfish, truth-loving heart. For many years, one of the burden-bearers in the society, he read with true insight the conditions and needs of all the societies, and his soul was many times bowed to the earth in sorrow over the saddening conditions in which he read the sure effects of spiritual causes far back in the years. That so few were willing to correct the errors of the past by more strenuous effort, by foundation building to the line and plummet of truth and righteousness to-day, was a constant surprise and grief.

He wrote to a friend in 1908: "Have you seen and talked to Elder Frederick, lately? He has been thought of considerable, and to-day in meeting one had the impression that he wished to communicate something, but we are so absorbed in material things that we cannot clearly understand what or where. We are passing through an experience that I think is preparatory to something that is to follow, which will bring great changes in our order. What those changes will be, none can tell till the times are fulfilled. A few things we are sure of: that the few in our order, who are bearing the burden, are nearing the time when they will take their exit from the scenes of time, and none are in the range of our vision who can take their places. We know that princi-

ples remain the same always, but how can they be manifested, materialized, except through some agency? Marvelous things are transpiring every day in the material world, that a few years ago we should have declared impossible. Yet the principles by which they are accomplished have always existed. We trust there is that going on in the spiritual realm equally as wonderful. O for a look into the future! It would make the duty of to-day clear. We can look into the future and have a mental vision of the inevitable, the passing away of the present leaders. But who can see the builders of the new order, that Elder Frederick in days gone by told so much about. Where is the prophet of the Lord, the anointed one to cast up the highway and make the paths straight for the ransomed to walk in?"

In the busy days of 1909, he wrote: "I never had such a busy time in all my life, that I can remember. One thing following another in such quick succession, that it is with great labor and care that I can steer clear of confusion and difficulties that are constantly arising. But, thanks be to the Divine Power that over-rules and is always a 'present help in trouble!'"

In February, 1910, he writes:

"We have just passed through a severe snowstorm, or rather, a great snowstorm has just passed us. On Saturday morning, was the greatest blow I think we have had this winter. We have not had such a winter in our mountains in many years. But we have a good supply of coal and a large supply of wood, and I think we have abundant opportunity to exercise ourselves in patience and gratitude. Human nature is about the same to-day as it was when the Children of Israel were journeying through the wilderness. What are we going to do about it? I see no better way to do than to be good. As one of our very old hymns expresses it,

"We'll rise in the morning,
Pray let us take warning,
And do as we've often been told;
Our zeal be renewing,
Our journey pursuing,
And put away all that is old.
Then Mother will own us,
And love us and bless us,
And give us a robe that is white;
We'll wear it; we'll wear it,
For Mother's prepared it,
To give to such souls as do right."

Memories of his beautiful life and inspiring personality enrich the home he loved. His kindly services were not limited to his own family or society, but wherever he could be of use, there hands and brain were busy. To his neighbors, he was generous and brotherly. At his funeral service, working-men crowded the room and tears were shed by many a strong, hard-working man, who felt that in Daniel Offord he had lost a friend such as the world would never give again.

His bright smile, his clear, far-seeing eyes, his noble head and grand forehead, the mighty soul animating a slender frame,—sparing of food, sparing of words, but lavish of strength and toil, all for others, never for himself. All through the years, his light, quick, noiseless step about the house, in the sense of the home as it had been consecrated, a dwelling-place for the redeemed living in the Sacred Presence of the Divine, he seemed often more of spirit than man. His strong, rich voice, lifting the grand old testimonial songs of the faith—that rich heritage of Believers, now being fast taken back, with these last children of the light, to the heavens of inspiration whence they came. The cheery, hopeful smile, with which he met all the issues of the last busy years,

the grief-stricken heart he bore, when his beloved Mother in the gospel left him, the brave giving of his strength to the ever-crowding demands of the time, in the effort to fill in all the vacant places, the patient, forgiving spirit when reviled and persecuted, smitten and deserted by those to whom he had given love and prayer and gentle teaching,—all, and more than can be told in words of earthly speech, live unforgotten in the hearts of those who honored and loved him.

One thing only he could not do,—care for, spare himself. With aching hearts his people saw the sacrifice go on and were powerless to hinder or prevent. He met the last call as he wished,—"Not to be sick, but to work right up to the last moment, then,—Go!" Thus, on that bright February day, when all in the home were busy, unseeing and unheeding, he heard the angels call him, dropped the mortal and was gone.

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE FOR MY SAKE SHALL FIND IT."
Matt. 10:39.

While many are bringing heartfelt tributes to the memory of one so richly worthy, I would touch but a few points in a life about which volumes might be written. All readers of Social Science are aware of the argument against communistic life, on the ground that competition, with love of private property and family, are essential to the highest exertion and fullest development of the faculties.

Those who thus plead can have no conception of the exquisite delight in service and wonderful power of endurance where self is forgotten and all endeavor is stimulated by holy ideals and the love of kindred hearts. Of this, the life of Elder Daniel Offord was a remarkable demonstration.

For the mere accumulation of money or the support of

private family, did ever any man work as Elder Daniel worked with heart and brain and hand, and, with such limited opportunities, develop faculties so diversified for service of such high order?

Not a turn can be made over our extensive premises but are found comforts and substantial improvements attesting to his skill and loving devotion. His high official position for so many years, with power to direct and apportion the work of others, has never deterred him from personal toil in any laborious service. He never shirked the muddy ditch or sooty flue, and whatever task was disagreeable or hard for another, that was the one he chose for himself. No work was menial, for his intelligence, self-sacrifice and consecration made of every duty an act of worship.

During the fifty years in which our principal buildings have been heated by steam, especially in severe weather his nights were shortened, that in earliest calls to duty, our rooms should always be comfortable. Did he know of any one being on duty watching over the sick? In the still hours of the night, careful that none should be disturbed, fires were renewed, water heated, or any thoughtful kindness rendered. When falling mercury warned of danger to water-pipes or stores of provisions, often the whole night was passed in making fires here and there, or otherwise protecting from injury. In furious storms, when dams were in danger, or overflowing streams threatened floods, he found his way to reservoir gates or, heaving aside the massing débris, turned the swift waters in a safe course; in continual watch in all the liabilities of danger to the premises, he was verily a guardian angel of great might.

No self-indulging dissipations were ever permitted. Over every passion of mind and body, he held the most rigid control. The baptism of which Jesus spake is as the fire of the alchemist turning baser metals into gold.

The strongest passions and forces of nature are thus utilized on the plane of higher, spiritual activities. In our Brother, these baptisms were often renewed, through deep labor of soul. In the meager way in which he provided for himself and the energy and thoroughness in which he planned and wrought for the future, he lived by that injunction of our Founder, which he often quoted: "Do your work as though you expected to live a thousand years and as though you were to die to-morrow."

He was severely critical relative to his own shortcomings, but noble, frank and humble in acknowledgment had he consciously or unconsciously wronged or grieved another. Magnanimous and forgiving, never retaliating or permitting himself to hold hard feelings, though sensitive and often deeply wounded.

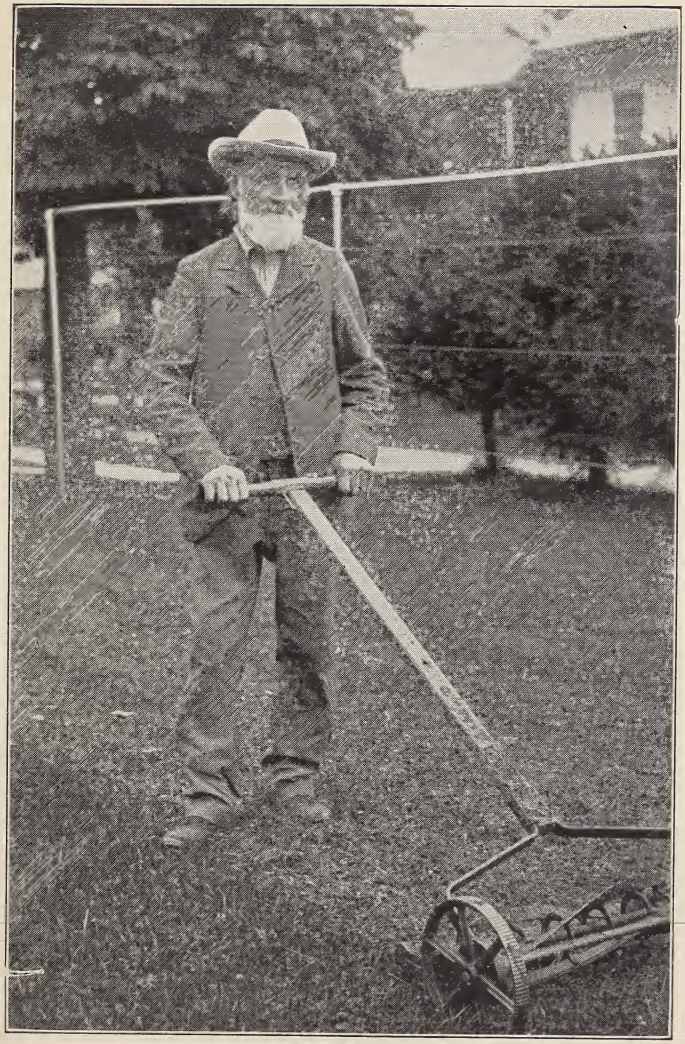
Realizing the Divine Oneness, that all were the children of One Parentage, with the same human needs, his sympathies and efforts were not confined to home interests. If he failed in reasonable care for himself, it was because, with his intensely energetic temperament, his keen eye for improvements and his unselfish nature, he saw so much to be done, and he counted not his life dear except for such service as would bring more of heaven to earth.

He walked in the truth as upon a sea of glass. His faith was as a diamond's glow, his purity as a stainless robe, his religion, self-renunciation. He grandly gave his life and has found the life eternal.

ELDRESS M. CATHERINE ALLEN,
Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

I went to Mount Lebanon, the first time, out of curiosity: I went afterward, again and again, out of love for its inmates. Chief of them all were Eldress Anna White, whose pure, luminous soul shone out through every look and action; and Elder Daniel Offord, apostle of accuracy and caretaking.

WILL CARLETON.



LOVING SERVICE.

II

IN MEMORY.

THE first thoughts that come to mind at this time are of grief and a deep sense of loss. The passing out of our midst of our brother is the heaviest blow that could befall. We know that the spirit of sympathy in our loss is deeply felt by those outside of the home circle, for how many have shared in his broad unselfish spirit of brotherly helpfulness!

But, we are not here to mourn or give utterance to our sorrow, but rather to be glad that the blessing and presence of such a noble character has been ours so long, and that his memory may be ours forever. Truly, our brother has exemplified the best gifts, an untarnished soul, a high sense of duty and consecration. We knew that he lived for principles of right as far as he could see them, we therefore trusted him. We felt that he was above all mean grasping and we respected him. We knew that he was unselfish, ready to give his life for others, we therefore loved him.

If any one has fulfilled the commandment to love the Lord our God with all our heart and mind and strength and our neighbor as ourself, it is our departed brother. How his moral precepts came home to us; how his ideals of righteousness appealed to us; how his faith and trust in God inspired us! And all that he taught, he lived. But the star of his character was his unselfish devotion. No duty too heavy, no task too menial, to perform for the good of all. Truly we may say of him, he went about doing good.

Such a life was so much needed amongst us: and with dimmed eyes and dumb lips, we know not what to say, but feel that we must have that waiting and trusting spirit, that we call faith in God, knowing that the

higher life of the immortals has claimed him. And may we not see him, with strong, brave hands uplifted to catch the vision of the future,—forever reaching out to those ideals of righteousness for the fulfillment of which he has so nobly striven?

ANNIE ROSETTA STEPHENS,
Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

Lines written for the last birthday of Elder Daniel Offord, his sixty-seventh, little dreaming it would be his last, and listened to by him with wet eyes:

A word or two for the brother
Whose days are filled to the brim,
With work and thought, and thought and work,
For others and not for him.

A word or two for the brother
Whose aim is always the right,—
Not always reached, but every step
Leads farther into the light.

A word or two for the brother
So swift in these busy days,
With never a pause, though oft we fear
'Mid more of blame than praise.

May his be a year of blessing,—
A year of the "Heavenly Peace,"—
A blessing which broadens and brightens,
As peace that will ever increase!

When birthdays no longer are numbered,
And the richer life is begun,

May he hear from the Elder Brother,
"Faithful and true, well done!"

—GRACE ADA BROWN,
Mount Lebanon.

BELOVED ELDRESS SARAH AND GOSPEL FRIENDS, ALL:

Learning of your very sad bereavement, we hasten to express to you our sincere sympathy, in this great sorrow. This trial, following so soon after the death of loved Eldress Anna, adds pathos to the experience you are passing through, and touches a very tender chord in our heart's deepest affection. In these severe afflictions, which so often come to God's people, we turn in prayer to that Divine Guidance, in which we have unfailing confidence, asking that our Heavenly Father minister comfort and consolation in this sad hour. The noble example of devotion, in the life of Elder Daniel, to a cause which he claimed to be the highest and best, has won our deepest respect, and to the loyalty of such a life we are glad to give recognition.

Words fail us. But be assured that:

"Underneath all the trials that bear you along
Are the arms Everlasting, so tender and strong,
Then be humble, be patient, be willing and true,
For God in His mercy hath watch over you."

This blessed assurance has been our solace when we drank deeply of the cup of sorrow, and we pass it on to comfort your hearts. May God bless and sustain you; may His Holy Spirit inspire and strengthen you for the duties of the great unrevealed future, is the prayer of

YOUR CANTERBURY BRETHREN AND SISTERS.

My schoolmate when a boy and whom I have known

for the past fifty-five years, and in all this time often meeting him, for we were life-friends, of one church, and one faith and one baptism, as true and loyal brothers devoted to our cause in doing good for good's sake only, our motto to absorb indelibly in our character, pure virtue alone, in the name of our God, our Saviour and humanity. In all this time of meeting each other often, we have had many discussions on the varied subjects of life and its use, never have we departed from that true spirit of brotherhood so far as to let one unkind word pass between us, or even to harbor an unkind feeling toward each other. Though differing in argument, at times, on different subjects, at the end of such scenes, we would simply as loving and devoted brothers, agree to disagree, until we should meet again. In looking over the fifty-five years of unbroken friendship, I ask you to excuse the falling tear upon the unsullied sheet.

Your devoted brother,

DR. J. R. SLINGERLAND.

I am greatly shocked by the news of the departure of Elder Daniel. The first time I ever met him, I was most favorably impressed with his character. I found in him a perfectly gentle, frank, sincere, honest, and the most profoundly religious man I ever saw. Since then I have been in his company many times, and never had any occasion to change my judgment. Indeed, I was more and more confirmed. In the long drives I frequently took with him, from time to time, he would unbosom himself to me. In him I found a rich spiritual mind. In his doings, I found a man of ready sacrifices. He appeared to think for the welfare of others and but little for himself.

Your family, Shakerism, the whole world, has lost a very high, refined type of man. While thoroughly a Shaker in faith and life, his great heart went out to

all mankind. Elder Daniel Offord was an exalted type of Christianity.

Yours sincerely,

J. P. MacLean,
Franklin, Ohio.

Some one sent us the sad news of Elder Daniel's passing on. It was with great sorrow that Mr. Stead and myself read it. So soon after losing the dear Eldress, the blow was indeed hard to bear! I remember his kindness the morning we started from Mount Lebanon and his parting words, "Peace be with thee!" I can see his benevolent face now and remember his great activity and his wonderful executive ability. The call came quickly and he was ready. No laggard in the Lord's vineyard was Elder Daniel, but whatsoever his hands found to do, he did it, and his concise and descriptive way of interpreting the Lord's word was remarkable.

I never thought of Elder Daniel leaving his work and place in the world, among you, for many a long year, but a wiser than we has decreed otherwise. He was a remarkable man, and his place will never be filled.

To your whole community, to each one individually, extend our deepest sympathy in the loss you have sustained, in the death of dear Elder Daniel, he of the kind heart and helpful life, and his example should live forever among you. Two dear faces we shall miss, for genuine kindness and love for all, as both Eldress Anna and Brother Daniel had, are hard to find in this age. With love and sympathy, as ever your true friend,

M. Louise Stead,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The hope that you will allow me to tender a few words of sympathy on the passing of your dear brother and Elder, Daniel, prompts me to enter your house of mourn-

ing to join you in appreciation of his worth and sorrow that he has gone from his earthly tabernacle.

We were of those who were privileged to meet the Elder on several occasions and always to have a deeper impression made in the ready medium of our hearts and intelligence by his genial, wholesome, manly attitude to all the influences that bear on the lives and activities of man and womankind. Whilst experience teaches us all that no human creature cannot be dispensed with, there are times when we feel absolutely at a loss to know how to commit to other hands tasks, duties and responsibilities that have been cheerfully, efficiently discharged and bravely borne.

Elder Daniel was the living example of pure unselfishness. He was tirelessly active to promote the comfort, happiness and spiritual and bodily well-being of all he came in contact with. He was the ideal burden-bearer, because his share and more was always sustained by a nature full of the real sunshine of heaven and a heart that ever echoed the unsullied melodies of paradise.

He has gone to his larger work, to his full fruition, and his works shall follow him. Into their kindred elements his body is resolved, but *he* lives on forever refuting the mistaken assertion that "the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." Thank God, it is the good that is deathless. We offer our love to you and pray God's blessing for you.

Your loving friend,

WALTER GRAFTON,
New York City.

To me it seems like a dream, all I have learned to know about the family's losses, the past few weeks. Dear Eldress Anna! I cannot mention her name without a feeling which is at once soothing and saddening. I can see her the way I have so often seen her, at the table,

smiling to us, her comforting, motherly smile, which was more than the brightening up of her very characterful face. In the meeting-room, radiant with faith and encouragement to us all. In her work-room, where the last drop of her temporal energy she converted into something useful. Then, in her room, in that quiet room, where so many words—beautiful, meaningful, soulful words—were spoken to me. In that room, where so many times, hot tears of strange feeling burned my eyes! But, no! I kept them back in my heart. No wonder they were running freely when I heard of her departure. How much I would have liked to be there when the last tribute was brought to her earthly image, by so many who loved and honored her. I am sure Eldress Anna is there, where all her actions and noble thoughts have led her.

And Elder Daniel, that tireless, incomprehensible man, for whom, so many times, my heart felt sad. There is not one inch of soil around the North Family dwellings that has not been touched by his busy, light-stepping feet. When I think of Mount Lebanon, Elder Daniel and Eldress Anna are there. My mind cannot dismiss them, cannot take them away from the family to which they were given, heart and soul. Please convey my love to every one in the family. Always your sincere brother,

PETER NEAGOE,
New York City.

"I cannot imagine," writes a friend of many years, "life at Mount Lebanon without the beloved and inspiring presence of Eldress Anna in the upper room, or without the self-forgetful kindness and devotion of Elder Daniel seen and felt everywhere. Whenever I think of him I remember some new direction where his skill and labor seemed indispensable. How pathetically tired he often seemed and looked. As I remember it, the words of the poet come to me, 'There remaineth a rest for the

people of God.' His death was tragic in its suddenness and loneliness. Yet, I can think of him as saying, 'It was just as I would have had it!'"

Another, a neighbor and close friend, writes: "Dear Elder Daniel was so sweet and so helpful and devoted. I am so glad that he went into a fuller sense of reality and Life through so straight a door, that there was no groping in seeming darkness for him. To go straight on his way out of a sense of health is, I think, a better demonstration. God is All and there is no lack of any kind where the full consciousness of Him is."

"The clear impress of Elder Daniel's face," says another, "from which shone the beautiful light of truth and purity is vivid upon my inner vision and will always remain an inspiration, as will also his kindly words of welcome and farewell."

And so another spiritual cedar has fallen upon Mount Lebanon—another brave, sturdy hero has laid his mortal armor down—another great moral worker, battling for truth in the army of Believers, has laid aside his fleshly vestures and, unexpectedly to us, put on the garments of immortality.

The unexpected knowledge of his sudden departure startled—shocked me. And in the silence of sadness, I said: Is it possible that Elder Daniel has gone out of the material and up into that higher realm where the cold, shivering touch of death is unknown—gone to greet Elder Frederick, Sister Martha, Eldress Anna and other Saints, to joyously mingle with them in that perpetual Zion of progress and beatific blessedness that awaits all true and faithful souls? Ours the irreparable loss, but his and theirs the gain.

Thin is the veil that hides the faces of those dear ones from our earthly vision. And yet, there are rifts in the clouds and the brilliant stars above the clouds are ever

shining. Death, to the really good, is only one step up higher, and though grim in appearance it is the angel of deliverance. True, our tears fall because we are mortal; and yet, on their crystal surfaces are shadowed the symbols of a glorious immortality.

It must be nearly thirty years ago since Elder Frederick introduced me to Brother Daniel; and all the years since, when I have visited my Shaker home at Mount Lebanon, no warmer hand clasped mine and no kinder voice than his breathed to me their greetings.

He is not dead, but has just passed behind the veil where in God's own good time, he, with other brothers and sisters, will await your and my coming. Let us continue then "To run the race" of purity and peace, with the principle of all things in common, never forgetting the good deeds and the many sacrifices of those earlier souls who lived and walked among us in the regeneration—a real present-day resurrection.

Elder Daniel, so far as I was privileged to know him, was not only the soul of energy and industry, but of moral integrity: though not possessing infallibility, his soul was alive with inspiration—his intellectuality was never dull nor his hands idle. Investigation and spiritual unfolding convinced him of the grand reality of a conscious intercourse between the worlds visible and invisible, causing faith to bloom out into fruition and hope to kindle into such spiritual fires of devotion as warmed the pentecostal hearts of those fathers and mothers who for years graced the different families of Mount Lebanon.

I get just now but one inspiration, and it comes almost with the potency of a voice. It is this: "Continue—continue, ye who abide in the flesh, unto the end. Shepherds and shepherdesses from above will watch over the flock, shower upon them numberless benedictions of love and lead them, one by one, up to that city immortal whose builder and maker is God. Fear not—trust—abide in

the vine and await the coming of those angels who beckon heavenward and will bear you and us up to that many-mansioned home that makes radiant the heaven of heavens."

Deeply do I sympathize with the family in this hour of bereavement. God knows best, and through ways unknown to us, He does all things wisely and well.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.,
Los Angeles, California.

THE STRUGGLE.

BY CECELIA DEVERE.

We kneel upon the threshold of our grief,
And then arise, but do not look within,—
We ask not now for balm, or sweet relief,
We strive for strength to life anew begin.

We ask for fortitude, the thoughts to meet,
That come like winter clouds to spread our sky;
We brace for courage that will not retreat,
Whate'er realities before us lie.

We lift the conquering banner of the cross,
And light the altar lamps with hope's new flame,
We do not probe our sorrow or our loss,
Resolved to bear, we make on God our claim.

And if we weep, like pilgrims on the strand,
For him beloved, who crossed the mystic tide,
Have we not still a faith sublime and grand,
A knowledge of the power that will abide?

Have we not love for dear ones gone from sight,
Yet near, so near we touch with wordless prayer?

We do not dread the darkest realm of night.
We know God's blessing and the stars are there.

For him who was our star across the years,
Whose deeds like jewels on our pathway shone,
We give the gentle tribute of our tears,
And in soul kinship hold him still our own.

Mount Lebanon.

III

THE TWO WITNESSES.

By Eldress Sarah Burger.

GOD has always had His Witnesses, those who dared to do right for the sake of right—men and women of conviction. Moses, who led the people through the Red Sea; Daniel, who defied the king's command to bow to other gods; Deborah, who led the armies of Israel to victory. Listen to her song:

"The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel,
Until that I, Deborah, arose,
That I arose, a Mother in Israel!"

Does not history repeat itself? Know we not those in our time who are working for principles of right? While few compared with the multitude, they stand as a tower of strength, a bulwark of defence for the nation. Look through the political history of America, trace the men of action, of principle, who have stood and courageously summoned all their forces to carry on the right, until the right prevailed. Their names are written on the walls of time, that all may read and learn of victory

through suffering. And the women? They, too, have advanced. As the spirit of revelation has opened their eyes, many Deborahs have arisen, to lead from bondage to freedom. While the battle is far from being won, with courage and fortitude they are leading on the oppressed to where the victory will be greatest, where the enemy will be met in his own vineyard, planting but not reaping.

While, in the natural order, the nation has had its leaders, the Shaker Church also has had noble men and women, who have stood as witnesses for truth. Ann Lee, the Founder, stood for the rights of women, raising her voice in clarion tones against the oppression of man-made laws,—the first fearless emancipator for her sisters, suffering the penalty of her sacrifice and heroism. Many have there been in the Shaker societies to stand by these principles, women and men who have stood for justice, purity, peace and love. Over a century of communism, and we can look through the years and see the beacon, started on the hillside, grown into a searchlight, sweeping the valleys and mountains with its glow, revealing yet greater works to be accomplished. Jesus said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father." We live in the faith that all who believe, who live the Christ-life and do the works of their day, shall give forth a greater manifestation of the Christ Spirit, ever growing in the heart of the true Shaker.

The lives of the Two Witnesses described in the foregoing pages have been aglow with the spirit of truth and righteousness, and many can bear testimony to the sincerity of their ministrations. Eldress Anna White, a Mother in Israel, treading the paths of progress, breaking down all obstacles in the path to freedom and leading on to victory, did her work with a courage that knew

no failure. Elder Daniel Offord, like Daniel of old, feared not lions' den nor fiery furnace, but on, on with steadfast purpose, to gain the goal. Yea, these two noble workers, who will stand before us as monuments of eternal life, were true to principle. Every thought was forged on the anvil of truth. Their lives bore the impress of the spirit of Love. Not for a future were they working, but for the eternal present. If to-day bear manifestations of growth, will not to-morrow bring fruitage meet for the Master's approval?

The Psalmist said: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places yea, I have a goodly heritage." From childhood to youth, from youth to maturity, we pass and repass through many experiences, pleasant and painful, and, as we open the book of memory, we read many lessons learned under the guidance of maturer minds, those who have gained wisdom by sacrifice and perseverance. From a child, I have known Eldress Anna White, and for fifteen years have been closely associated with her. I could stand in the valley and look up to the heights where she stood, where the sun of eternal life was shining in full glory. What a life, what a character was hers! It was hers to settle the momentous issues of the day and not to call a question settled until it was settled right. How often have I seen her pour out her heart in prayer to God for guidance, until, feeling the inspiration of the Divine, she gave her whole soul to the work before her!

She often made the remark, "I love to live!" and she did love to live and she enjoyed, simply and heartily, all sides of life, in nature, home and friendship. And she will still manifest that life which quickens into immortality, for hers was the joy of the Real Life and of that she ministered at the altar. Having partaken of the gifts of the altar, she knew how to meet and minister to souls. It was always a pleasure to her to throw out the

life-line, and never a soul came to her for aid and sympathy but received it without measure. It mattered not where lay their path in life, every hungry soul that came to her was fed.

A remark we have often heard her make, "There are more Shakers in the world to-day than ever before," revealed her sure reading of the dawn of spiritual truth in the understanding of men and women of all creeds and classes. Glorying in her faith, she claimed all good, everywhere, as hers, and her enthusiasm for truth and for the spread of the gospel never failed.

Her mother's struggle to give up, first the husband and father to his higher call, which she herself could not accept, and then, to give up her youngest daughter, the gifted, promising girl, yet in her teens, was seemingly impressed upon her own spirit, not to weaken, but to strengthen. She came from no girlish impulse, nor for lack of the deepest and tenderest affection for her natural kindred, nor did she hesitate to renounce all claim to a large private fortune, to obey the call of the Spirit; and never, in all the sixty-two years of her life at Mount Lebanon, did she fail in cheerful obedience to that call. When, at her father's death, she received a large sum that he had willed to her, she at once made it over to the common fund, and her joy of consecration was reflected in the bright smile with which she would sometimes say, "I have nothing I can call my own!" Nor was it an empty phrase. She had truly sacrificed the wealth of the world, in all its forms, for a place in the Kingdom of Heaven, and to how many, many souls has she been a doorkeeper in the House of God!

No one standing as a leader in the Shaker Church, with an eye single to its principles, but is at times overwhelmed with sorrow. As was said of Jesus, our first Elder Brother, it may be said of many another, a man, a woman "of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It was

hers to know the truth, it was hers to love the truth and it was hers to live the truth, not in the shadow, but in the sunlight, that quickens to eternal growth. "All souls are mine, saith the Lord," and the saying is not without meaning to those who dwell on the spiritual heights. God in humanity is recognized as a working force, and in the darkest soul is needed only the vitalizing power of truth and love to bring forth the divine in its full stature. This, Eldress Anna ever sought to do, she was a power in the home to bring all souls to God.

A year after her passing, among her writings, I found this little verse, written one year after she had been left alone, by the passing of Eldress Antoinette. It voiced my feeling, showing how the human clings to the human touch:

"One Year.

"One year ago, one sad, lone year,
Since last I sat beside thee, Mother dear!
Since last I clasped thy strong hands into mine,
Thus far they've borne me safe o'er seas of time.
Thy voice no more the welcome word doth give,
'My child, come home, come home with me to live!'
When, being gone perhaps from morn till night,
She'd greet me with these words and look so bright!"

Eldress Anna so dwelt in the thought of life, that to her there was no death, it was but passing from life to more life. Interested in all the movements of the day, she would earnestly say, "Not for ourselves must we maintain the home, promulgate the truth, but for the rising generation."

Conscious to the last, her mentality bright, doing her duty, giving out love and thought and care to all, the One Mind shone in her countenance. She planned certain improvements and readjustments with careful attention to

details, looking well after the execution of her plans, down to a few days before she left us. We see her clothed as with the sun of righteousness, still proclaiming the message of eternal truth to the hearts of men.

O the joy of that glorious life was won
Ere the veil was brushed aside,
For we caught the strains from her soul of love,
As she sang of the great divide;
And the music that rolled from the inner sphere
Was voiced by the friend we held so dear.

He might well have known Elder Daniel Offord, who said, "Prepare thyself in the ante-chamber, that thou mayest worthily enter the throne room," and again, "He who lays up no store of good deeds during the working-days of life can never enjoy the eternal Sabbath." Quick and alert in duties, spiritual and material, he never lost sight of God as a sustaining power, he realized it through all the walks of life and ministered it in daily living. Written hastily on a slip of paper, we found his words, "I well know my inability, that of myself alone, I can do nothing. Only the gift of God can renew us."

On that memorable Friday and Saturday, in Bethany and Jerusalem, 1900 years ago, the little band of disciples mourned the loss of their Elder Brother, who had so unexpectedly left them alone. They could not understand his words, "It is expedient for you that I go away," and "I will send you the Comforter." They were slow to realize the import of the dawn of that first Easter morning. To-day, mourning the going of our Elder Brother, so full of the loving spirit of Christ, who, for so many years, has given us the bread and water of spiritual life and in every way has provided the comforts, conveniences and protection of our home, no more than those of old can we understand the meaning of his going or see the light behind the cloud.

From childhood, our brother aimed high, not that he always reached his aim, but no face can be continuously turned upward, without coming into kinship with the eternal stars. Many words might be said of the ever-active self-sacrificing kindness of our beloved brother to all about him, and not one word be even the exaggeration of affection,—it could not be. We feel as the poet said of the outgoing of Abraham Lincoln,—

"The Hand that reached out of the darkness
Has taken the whole;
Yea, the arm and the head of our people,
The heart and the soul."

His monument will be a living one in the hearts of those who knew him, a statue carved from his deeds of loving-kindness.

Uniting with the North Family when but thirteen years of age, an intelligent, well-brought up boy, keenly sensitive to all spiritual impressions, noted for zeal and enthusiasm, he was proverbial for always obeying to the letter the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Advantages for intellectual culture were few in his youthful years, but his natural intelligence, united with a keen desire and persistent energy, overcame obstacle after obstacle. Conservative in adherence to the fundamental principles of the Shaker Church, he was always in wide sympathy with all progressive movements, material, intellectual or spiritual, especially in everything which lifted humanity nearer to divinity.

True to the last to his conviction that "Labor is worship and prayer," busy in the fulfillment of duty, the Angel of the greater life, watching over him, quietly took from his hands the implements of earth, laid them aside, and bore him from the mortal casement, the ban-

ner of Excelsior waving over the past, the future already molded from the virtues of his past, to the glorious triumph just begun. Those who knew him best love him most, and we, who knew him for many years, can justly say, "A righteous man has gone from our presence!" A child in the home thus described him: "He was a dear Brother. He never looked out for himself, but always looked out for others. He himself was the greatest, gentlest, sweetest, and the real star of Purity."

These two witnesses stood together as ministers of light and truth, and they will still minister to those who will stand at the open portal to receive of the good. From the life of both may stand the message written in lines penned by Eldress Anna, a short time before her ascension,—

"All radiant with beauty,
All rife with joys untold,
Is our home of peace and plenty
With its blessings manifold.
And the greatest of these blessings,
Is the union, pure and true,
Which kindred souls possessing
Is given to me and you."

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